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VOLUME XVII. { FOR TERMS, See last column, 4th page. } NORWAY AND SOUTH PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1886. { FOR ADVERTISING RATES, See last column, 4th page. } NO. 51.

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Centennial Poem! In Neat Pamphlet form, Tinted Covers, now ready. The most attractive and interesting *souvenir* of our Centennial Celebration. ☞Will be mailed post-paid to any address on receipt of 15 cents. Address DR C. L. PIKE, Norway, Me.

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NOTICE! I wish to inform my former patrons that I have made arrangements with Mr. P. W. Judkins, my successor in the Clothing business, at No. 132, Main St., Norway, Me., who will have charge of my books until March 15th, 1887, to receive money and give receipts for the same. ☞You are invited to call and settle. F. Q. ELLIOTT.

SECOND HAND SLEIGH Good as new will be sold at a great bargain; address or call at this office.

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NORWAY SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

A cordial invitation is extended to strangers who belong to any of these organizations to visit meetings when in town.

OXFORD LODGE, F. & A. M., No. 18., meets in Masonic Hall, Monday evening, on or before full moon. S. R. Knowland, W. M. H. D. Smith, Sec'y.

NORWAY LODGE, No. 16, I. O. O. F., meets in their hall every Tuesday evening. J. F. Huntington, N. G. A. L. F. Pike, Sec'y.

WILDEY ENCAMPMENT, No. 21, I. O. O. F., meets in their hall the second and fourth Friday evenings of each month. Geo. P. Young, C. P. Geo. W. Horne, Scribe.

GRADED MUTUAL RELIEF ASSOCIATION OF MAINE, I. O. O. F. Annual meeting 3d Monday in January. A. S. Kimball, President. A. L. F. Pike, Sec'y.

PENNESSEWASSEE LODGE No. 18, K. of P. meets in their hall, Hathaway Block, every Wednesday evening. C. M. Packard, C. C. G. E. Lasselle, K. of R. & S.

HARRY RUST POST No. 84, G. A. R., meets in Grange Hall the first Friday evening of each month. J. R. Sanborn, Commander; D. S. Sanborn, Adj.

RESTFIELD LODGE, No. 53, I. O. G. T., meets in New Grange Hall every Saturday evening, at 7 o'clock. Thomas Kendall W. C. T.; S. Hatch, W. S.

UNION ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, No. 36, meets in Masonic Hall, Wednesday evening, on or before full moon. Irving Frost, H. P. H. D. Smith, Secretary.

NORWAY COMMANDERY, No. 24, U. O. G. C. meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, the first and third Friday evenings of each month. Geo. A. Cleaves, V. C.; Lucelia Cummings, 1f of R.

HARRY RUST CAMP, S. of V., No. 42, meets in New Grange Hall the first and third Monday evenings of each month. J. W. Croswell, Captain; W. A. Ripley, Orderly Sergeant.

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Metza Latooka! Fine Blooded BOAR! HALF CHESTER & Half Yorkshire. Service Fee, $1.00. ☞Also a Horse for sale at a bargain—seven years old and weighs 1200 lbs. 45tf DENNIS PIKE, Norway, Me.

FOUND on Peter Wardwell's Hill, on Oxford Gore, a gentleman's black Cape. For further particulars, address this office. 46tf

NOTICE! The BOOKS and ACCOUNTS of the subscriber are left for collection with A. S. KIMBALL, Norway, Me. Those settling with him before Jan. 1, 1887, will save expense. C. G. BOVEE. Raymond, Nov. 5, 1886. 49-52

A Horse Blanket! TO FIT EVERY HORSE IN TOWN, —AT— **Tucker's Harness & Trunk Store.** The largest stock of *FUR & WOOLEN SLEIGH ROBES* ever offered in Oxford County. *The Prices Insure Sales!* ☞Please examine, if you want the most for your money. CYRUS S. TUCKER Norway.

VEGETABLES, LOBSTERS, FRUIT, FISH, Fancy Groceries, AT **Lowest Cash Prices,** AT **A. J. NEVERS', - Norway, Me.**

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Now is the Time to Order Your Winter's Supply of Coal, and have it unloaded direct from the car and thus save handling the coal twice; Also save an advance in the price. *LEHIGH, FRANKLIN, LACCAWANNA COAL. Also,* **Cumberland Coal for Blacksmith's Use.** ☞Orders may be left at H. COLE'S, or at C. G. MASON'S. 42-1 **W. C. COLE, Norway, Me.**

LEGISLATIVE NOTICE. The subscribers hereby give notice that they shall present to the next Legislature a petition of the following tenor:

To the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled:

The undersigned respectfully request you to grant them a charter under the name of the Pleasant River Improvement Company, authorizing them and their successors and assigns to improve said river in the towns of Jasper and Bethel, in the county of Oxford, for driving purposes, by the removal of stones and bunds of drift wood from its channel, and by the erection of dams, side dams and booms, and to grant them a reasonable toll on such logs and timber as may be driven over said improvements—said river not being navigable. A. S. BEAN. E. J. MAINE. A. R. SCHENNER. November, 22, 1886. (49)

G. H. PORTER, Near Post Office, SOUTH PARIS, ME. —H AS— **OYSTERS,** By the pint, quart or gallon, or cooked to order and served in good shape. ALSO THE **BEST 5 CENT CIGAR MADE.** TRY ONE.

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BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS AT **Jackson Clark's,** Norway Block, Norway, Me. before purchasing elsewhere.

Flour! Flour! **C. N. TUBBS & Co.** have just received 500 Barrels of **Choice Grade of Flour** bought for Cash at the **Extreme Low Prices** which enable them to sell as LOW as the LOWEST. CALL AND SEE!

[Written for the Advertiser.]

The Bethel Soldiers of '61, No. 25.

BY JUDGE C. F. WHITMAN.

Information having been received on the evening of the 3rd of June that the enemy was in line of battle, the 5th Maine and 121st N. Y. were ordered to make a night attack. Upton was away and Col. Edwards was in command. He brought on the engagement himself and it was fought entirely under his direction. The 5th Maine battery assisted and opened the battle. Our men lay very near the enemy's works.

Pits Were Dug With the Hands, Spoons And Tin Cups,

as by standing at their work too good targets would be furnished the enemy. It was just after dark when the firing began. It lasted an hour. No loss was experienced on our side, as their shots passed over the heads of our men. After the firing ceased a Rebel officer inside their works shouted:—"How much have you made out of it?" "As much as you have I guess. If you don't think so try it on again," was the reply. The contemplated attack had been abandoned on finding our forces ready to anticipate their hostile movements.

The regiment was soon on the move again towards Richmond. It crossed the Chickahominy and marched over a part of the old route, it took in the Peninsula campaign under McClellan. It reached the James in due time as the army advanced, and arrived in the vicinity of Petersburg on the 17th of June, 1864. The next morning the regiment was ordered out "in hot haste" to assist in making a charge. It was found that the enemy was too strongly intrenched and the order was countermanded. A move was made to the left, around Petersburg, and across the Appomattox, where the soldiers of the 5th Maine had their

Last Fight With the Enemy.

They threw up works which they occupied for two days, when another move was made still farther to the left. The order for relieving them from further service on the 23d of June, found them in the rifle-pits with loaded muskets facing the enemy. The following is Upton's address to the regiment upon its departure:—

"Head-quarters Second Brigade, June 23, 1864.

COL. EDWARDS, OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE FIFTH MAINE REGIMENT:—At the expiration of your term of service I feel it a great pleasure, to signify to you the appreciation of the services you have rendered your country. Your gallantry, your constancy, your devotion to the flag of your country, your patient endurance of fatigue, during the campaigns of three long years, entitle you to the lasting gratitude and esteem of your countrymen.

Springing to arms at the first sound of danger, you have given proof of your valor and patriotism on every field from the first Bull Run to the present time. Leaving your native State with over one thousand and forty men and receiving a large number of recruits, you now return with but two hundred and sixteen.

The long list of battles in which you have participated, including Bull Run, West Point, Gaines' Mill, Charles City Cross Roads, Crampton Gap, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Salem Heights, Gettysburg, Rappahannock Station, eight days battle in the Wilderness, and at Spottsylvania Court-house and Cold Harbor will account for your losses.

Repeatedly have the colors of the 5th Maine been floated over the enemy's works. From behind their intrenchments you have captured the battle-flags of five of the proudest regiments in the Confederate service; and while inflicting a loss equal to your own, you have in addition captured more prisoners than you have borne names on your rolls.

But while your Country's services have won for you the admiration and confidence of your commanding officers, your example and conduct during the present campaign forms the brightest page of your history.

After three years hard fighting, well knowing the risks of battle, not even the ardent desire or the immediate prospect of being restored to your friends could dampen your ardor or enthusiasm: but like brave and patriotic men, you have fought nobly to the end of your term, adding with each day increased luster to your arms.

With this brilliant record and the proud consciousness that you have stood by your country in the darkest hour of her peril, you now return to your homes, where you will receive the homage due the services you have rendered.

Bidding each and every one of you in behalf of your old comrades in arms a hearty God-speed, I have the honor to be your obedient servant, E. UPTON, Brig. Gen'l Commanding."

The soldiers broke camp and marched to City Point, and from there were transported to Washington. Their fighting was over and anxiously their faces were turned homeward. They found a different atmosphere altogether when they arrived in the capital city, from what they had breathed when they reached it in '61, on their way to the front. Then no place was too good for them. Now scarcely a decent camping place could be found. A cow and hog pasture between the city and the river was selected by the authorities, but their colonel did not think it such as they deserved and refused to take them there. Getting vexed with the delay

He Promptly Marched His Men up to the Grounds of the Smithsonian Institute,

where they went into camp for the night.

The officials were aghast at seeing the veterans of the 5th Maine occupying the grounds. They were assured that nothing should be touched and that the colonel would be personally responsible for any damage. None whatever was done but the boys enjoyed the situation hugely. The next day they were promptly paid off and hurried on board of a train for the North. At Baltimore an attempt was made to put the men into dirty cattle-cars. This was promptly vetoed by their colonel. They had done their duty to the utmost on the battle field and won a renown of which any body of soldiers might justly be proud and he was determined that they should at least be treated decently on their way home.

At Philadelphia they met with a magnificent reception. The citizens honored the battle-scarred veterans returning to their homes, equally with the soldiers marching to the front. Their liberality was unbounded and will be remembered to their credit as long as the great conflict itself. At New York they were equally well entertained. After an all night journey they arrived in Boston, where their

Five Captured Battle-Flags

attracted great attention.

When they reached Portland an immense concourse of people assembled in the vicinity of the depot to welcome them. On alighting from the cars, the heroes formed into a line and marched through the principal streets of the city, escorted by a body of citizens under Col. Scammon, who had commanded the regiment,—the City Government, Military and the Veteran Reserves, headed by a brass band, composing the escort. A fine collation was served to which the men did ample justice. Before they could be mustered out Early's raid on Washington took place and these men who had but a few days before come from the front,

Again Offered Their Services to the Government,

to repel the invasion but the Confederate chief soon retreated and their services were not required. On the 27th of July the regiment numbering one hundred and ninety-three officers and men was mustered out of the service.

Thus ends the history of the Bethel soldiers of the 5th Maine,—a history bright and shining as any in all the armies mustered for battle in that great conflict. A record of noble, heroic and patriotic deeds.

There is not a lover of his country anywhere under the sun, who is not proud of the achievements of the Union soldier, and how much more ought we to be proud of these whose history, I have but briefly and imperfectly outlined, since they went forth at the call of their country from their homes among the hills of old Oxford County. Many of them never returned. Their bones lie in Southern soil, on battle-field and plain, where they fell, and at Andersonville is all that remains on earth of Milo C. Walker. But the cause for which they died shall live. It will ever stir the hearts of a people to keep step to the music of the Union and Freedom.

Notice Hill's, the New Jeweler's, ad., Norway. *

[Written for the Advertiser.]

G. B. H. Writes.

Millston, Wis., Dec. 2, 1886.

The ADVERTISER makes us its regular weekly visits reaching us on Tuesday morning and making its journey of fifteen hundred miles in four days. Its local correspondence, which has become a leading feature in local newspapers of the present time, always contains items of interest to an absent son of the Pine Tree State. The reminiscences of the "boys in blue," who enlisted from Cumberland and Oxford counties and with many of whom I was acquainted and saw in their camp grounds in Virginia during the war, are always interesting and readable. The advertising columns containing the cards of professional and business men, and goods and merchandise offered for sale, show that Norway village is a substantial and enterprising town, and only needs a city charter to constute it a real city.

Some of your correspondents who have heretofore enlivened the columns of the ADVERTISER with early reminiscences and well turned joke, have been almost or entirely silent of late. Among these might be mentioned Mark Tapley and Uncle Daniel. Perhaps they are off on vacations? If so it is to be hoped they will return soon and give the readers of the ADVERTISER many more interesting reminiscences from the storehouse of memory.

In canvassing the outlook for the Presidential candidate in 1888, the *Pioneer Press*, an influential paper published at St. Paul, Minnesota, counts the statesman from Maine out, and names Judge Gresham as an available candidate against whom no objections can be raised. No doubt Judge Gresham is a man of unblemished character, but if it is expected to nominate a candidate for the office of President at this time, whose character will not be assailed and "painted in colors of darkest hue" it will be necessary to select one from the aristocracy of the sky, or else make the nomination the day before election.

This letter is written in the Eighth Congressional district of Wisconsin, which is represented in Congress by Hon. William D. Price. Mr. Price was elected on the 2d of November for the third term, but has been confined to his house for more than a month and eminent physicians pronounce his case hopeless.

Mr. Price made himself conspicuous by his solitary but conscientious vote against the pensioning of Gen. Grant's widow, for which many newspapers outside of this district, and even beyond the state censured him severely, while he received private letters by the hundred from all parts of the United States commending his course. He stood entirely alone in Congress and gave the reasons for his vote, regarding the bill to pension Mrs. Grant as a species of "class legislation" which it was dangerous to introduce in this country. Mr. Price is a man of much natural ability and is remarkable for the rapidity of his speech. He was elected the first time by about 3,000 majority, the second by 8,000 and the third time against the most virulent abuse of a partisan party, by over 12,000. He unfortunately will not be able to go to Washington according to present indications.*

*The U. S. Census of 1880 gives Wisconsin credit for having the largest amount of pine timber of any state in the Union, the amount being estimated at forty-one thousand million feet. The timber, however, was greatly damaged this season by fire. The summer was remarkable for being the dryest ever known since the state was settled by white men. Swamps never before known to be dry, dried down four or five feet. In consequence of the great drouth fires ran extensively, doing much damage. In fact it was said at one time the entire northern half of the state was on fire. Heavy winds have also blown down an unusual quantity of timber and as a result a large amount of timber will be cut this winter. Snow has already come, a month earlier than usual and logging camps are already in running order.

*Congressman Price died Monday morning, Dec. 6th.

Silverware at Hill's, the New Jeweler, Norway. *

Gen. Martin's Failure.

An unexpected failure startled the shoe and leather trade of Boston just before the close of business last Saturday. A. P. Martin & Co., the well-known High street boot and shoe house of which ex-Mayor Martin is the head, made an assignment to Mr. Edward L. Pickard of the leather firm of N. W. Rice & Co., 12 South Street. Scarcely any individual business misfortune could have caused greater surprise and regret. This house stood near the head of the boot and shoe trade of New England, and it has been considered a model of success in management. The significance of its fall lies in the fact that it is said to have been caused solely by the dictation of organized labor in the factories of the firm.

The failure is a striking type of honorable insolvency, brought about by force of circumstances, which careful management, the best skill and energy and the highest integrity could not overcome. Gen. Martin, himself, discussing the matter with great earnestness, said to a Journal reporter Saturday evening: "I could have gone indefinitely, doing a losing business and making shoes at a loss, and credit has not been impaired in the slightest degree. I could have raised $100,000 in fifteen minutes in Boston banks this morning if I had wanted the money. Bank men have called since my assignment was announced to assure me that they would have advanced all the money I might need. But that was not the point. I have been doing business for three years at a loss, and my books showed that I was insolvent. I did not consider that I was justified in making a bad matter worse by going on. So I adopted what seemed to be the only honorable course, and made an assignment for the benefit of my creditors. Now, any man in the trade will tell you that no one has bought stock a cent cheaper than we have; we have not $5000 in bad debts; we have not speculated; there has been no dishonesty; I have not indorsed a dollar's worth of paper; we have sold no goods to raise money, and yet we are unable to meet our liabilities. The cause of the failure is solely because we are unable to cancel our own factories. Since our employes assumed control of our business we have been unable to make a dollar. They have run our factories and they have fixed their own wages, without regard to our ability to pay. Let me say," continued Gen. Martin, "that I shall never manufacture another pair of shoes until I am so situated that I can control my own business. My factories have been run at a loss for three years, and it was time to stop. Let me explain: A year ago trade was as dull as it is now. There was no market for goods. I sent word to the superintendent of of our factory at Hudson, where make 3500 pairs of shoes a day, that if the employes would accept a reduction of ten per cent. I would keep the factory going through the winter. The offer was not accepted, but I did run the factory at the old wages through the winter, and piled up 150,000 pairs of shoes in my store. Last spring, to illustrate further, I made a contract to deliver 5000 cases of shoes in the West. No sooner had I commenced to fill the order than operatives at our factories demanded an advance. We were compelled to grant it and to fill the order at a heavy loss. This is only an indication of the course of events the last three years since the employes assumed control of the boot and shoe manufacturing of New England. Don't understand me as attacking my own men. I have a fine set of operatives, and there never would have been any trouble between us had it not been for outside interference. It is the work of demagogues, of men whose business it is to interfere with other men's business, that I complain of. The fact is, I believe that a crisis is near at hand when this last system will be broken up, and men will see that if they would consult their own interests they must have some respect for the interest of their employer."

Gen. Martin said that the firm owed for hands and leather houses between $300,000 and $400,000. The assets will be considerably less. The firm employed about 500 hands at Hudson. All will be permanently shut down. Gen. Martin was glad to be able to say that his failure would not directly involve any other house. Nobody is on his paper, which is held almost entirely by banks, and his indebtedness to leather dealers for stock is not very heavy and is well distributed. He has about $100,000 in goods at his Hudson factory, which, with stock at his store, considerable real estate, bills receivable, and his fine residence on the Back Bay, which he proposes to give up, will enable him to pay a respectable dividend. A creditors' meeting will be held on Saturday next.

Gen. Martin's personal and business career in this city is well known. Returning from the war with a most gallant record, he resumed his former position as salesman with the old firm of Fay & Stone, with an interest in the business. In 1867 he became a member of the firm Francis Dane & Co. In 1871 the firm of Martin & Skinner was organized, succeeded by Martin, Skinner & Fay. Gen. Martin continued business alone after Dec. 1, 1881, under the firm name of A. P. Martin & Co., until January, 1884, when Charles K. Crane, a bookkeeper, was admitted. The firm has always been rated as first class by all the mercantile agencies.

The comment of business men upon the failure is all of one tenor—the most heartfelt sympathy with Gen. Martin in his misfortune and forebodings over the danger which the cause of the disaster makes so real. Said a prominent leather dealer: "There is nothing to fear in the way of direct consequences of the failure, for no house in New England was more independent or did business on better principles. But the disaster is all the more lamentable on that account. It is not the crumbling away of an isolated pillar in the structure of trade, it is a sign of fundamental weakness which is appalling. It is the logical, inevitable effect of arbitrary dictation by organized labor. This will give the Knights of Labor their first taste of the penalties of successful dictation to their employers. The striking tanners of Salem and Peabody are already suffering the penalties of unsuccessful dictation. Could there be two more forcible demonstrations of the inevitable end of the labor movement of the day? I make no sweeping prophecies; I say only that the unsuccessful tanners of Salem and the successful shoemakers of Hudson are not the only dictating employes who will face hunger and cold this winter because they yielded to the advice of demagogues."—*Boston Journal.*

Chains at Hill's the New Jeweler, Norway. *

[Written for the Advertiser.]

Norway Village in the Forties. No. 9.

A student of Norway Liberal Institute standing in '47 at the corner of what is now Main and Paris streets, and looking towards Paris Cape would have seen up on the right hand but one house, nothing but fields and fences until the view was lost in the pine trees that began to obstruct the view about where the buildings upon the Fair Grounds now stand.

No Fair Grounds, no Pine Grove Cemetery,—literally nothing but open fields and pastures and board fences. Upon the left hand at the corner stood the house of Major H. W. Millett,—the main house standing as it now stands, and a few rods beyond, a small house situated on rather high land, certainly six or eight feet higher than the road, where McCrellis's new house now stands. The old house which McCrellis moved back and repaired, when he built his own house, is probably the same building, though it may previously have been enlarged. All beyond was open land, fields and pastures until the eye struck the pines now standing opposite the Fair Grounds. There was no building upon that street until the location near where the depot in South Paris now stands was reached.

The small house mentioned near Major Millett's was occupied by a man by the name of Marsh. I always observed him with great care whenever I saw him, for the reason that he resembled very closely my grandfather who died when I was seven years old. I do not know whether he died there or moved away.

On the spot now occupied by the house where Dr. Brown now lives, nearly opposite A. J. Rowe's, stood in that year, '47, a low two-story house, side to the street, and quite near the street. The lower story was occupied by a barber. At the west end a fl

Oxford County Advertiser.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1886.

WITH CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT.

[Entered as Second Class mail matter.]

To Our Subscribers.

Now is the time when people decide what papers they will take for the year to come. If each one of our subscribers, numbering 2,983, would get us just one new one the list would be *Five Thousand Nine Hundred and Sixty-six.* Won't you try? Show this week's ADVERTISER to your neighbors and convince them that our paper is rightly named at least as it contains this week little else than advertising, but then our supplement helps out with some interesting, easy reading. Also bear in mind we are to give you one more paper this year than the law requires.

Read the Christmas Supplement. Don't lend it but lend the regular ADVERTISER so your friends can find out where to buy their holiday goods.

H. A. J. Rolfe of East Rumford, is among the names of those whose pensions have been allowed and increased.

We take pleasure in calling attention to the advertisement of the BOSTON HERALD, which appears in another column. The HERALD as a newspaper stands in the very front rank of journalism and is constantly making progress.

The publishers of Webster have recently added to the Unabridged a "PRONOUNCING GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD," containing over 25,000 Titles, briefly describing the countries, cities, towns and natural features of every part of the Globe. It covers a hundred pages.

A man and wife without children can find a good opportunity for employment at reasonable wages by addressing S. Cabot, box 901 New York City, N. Y. See ad. Mr. C. wants some one to take charge of his place in Andover, Me. Write to him at New York at once.

BRYANT'S POND.

There is to be a grand opening ball at the Glen Mountain House, Dec. 31st. Music by Young's Orchestra of Norway, J. H. Hazelton, prompter. Our new landlord, Tebbetts will spare no pains to make this a most enjoyable occasion. Tickets for dancing and supper, $1.50.

A Farmers' Institute is to be held here this week.

Our boys and young men have organized a boxing club and meet at the town hall evenings to practice the pugilistic art. Occasionally one of the boxers gets his nose skinned or gets a thick lip; but good humor prevails and lots of fun is enjoyed.

The sewing circle which was to have been held on the 2d was postponed until the 9th on account of the storm. The evening proved lovely and there was a large attendance. Music was furnished by James Sheran, clarinet, and Mrs. J. M. Day, organ. About $3.00 proceeds were realized.

H. C. Bacon closed his school in the Whitman district on the 10th and begins one in the Billings district on the 13th.

SOUTH WATERFORD.

Bert Stanwood is home from Colorado for the winter. He has been absent two and one half years.

Harry Gleason met with a severe and painful accident on Wednesday of last week by which he loses the thumb of his left hand. His was at work with a circular saw and it is probable that his knowledge of the peculiar habits and characteristics of that class of machinery was too limited.

Social party under the auspices of the L. O. G. C. at their hall in this place on Saturday evening of last week. A good time was had.

Dea. Shurtleff is still in very feeble health.

Byron Caswell is home from Massachusetts on a visit to his parents and friends in this place.

George Young has returned to Boston where he holds a good position in the baggage room at the Eastern depot.

LOVELL.

A. W. Mason has returned from a visit to friends in Lawrence.

Rev. J. W. Webster has gone to Ogunquit to attend the Christian Conference.

Susie Herrick has returned home.

Mrs. Lucy Quint is stopping with her daughter, Mrs. G. E. Andrews this winter. Her health is poor.

Hadley Keniston and family are boarding with Fred Kimball this winter. Mr. Keniston's health has improved much of late.

George Harriman and wife are stopping at the "city." He is drawing timber to S. H. Harriman's mill.

William Hazaltine has been running a meat cart for a few weeks. He has now hired the store of T. Knight and added a line of groceries. He also keeps oysters and fish in their seasons.

The No. 4 and Congregationalist Circles met on Wednesday last with Mrs. B. W. Andrews. A goodly number were present.

Hon. M. L. Stearns and wife have gone to Florida.

Died in Lovell Dec. 6, David Coffin, aged 55 years, 3 months and 27 days. His funeral was attended on the 8th by Rev. J. W. Webster. The services were in charge of Delta Lodge F. and A. M., of which the deceased was a member. He was also a charter member of Kezar Valley Lodge, I. O. O. F., and a member of the Odd Fellows Mutual Relief. He was an active member of these societies and his voice and presence will be missed in their councils. The unremitting attention of brothers and friends was given him through a long illness, which was born with patient cheerfulness. He left these earthly scenes with a full assurance of an entrance into a brighter and better world beyond.

WEST SUMNER.

At a regular meeting of Barrows Post G. A. R. held at their hall last Saturday p. m. the following comrades were elected and appointed to fill the various offices of the Post for the ensuing year, viz:—G. H. Ryerson, C.; J. A. Noyes, S. V. C.; E. G. Doble, Jun. V. C.; H. S. Coburn, Chap.; Geo. M. Small, Q. M.; F. A. Thompson, Q. S.; E. B. Heald, Adjt.; I. F. Murch, Surg.; E. Thorn, O. G.; Wm. G. Abbott, Serg. Maj.; Geo. H. Barrows, Asst. Q. M. A camp fire and public installation of officers are being considered for the next meeting of the Post on Saturday evening, Jan. 15th.

There will be Christmas trees at both the Baptist and Universalist churches as usual.

G. M. Small has a fresh stock of Christmas goods.

Wm. L. Chase has put in his new water wheel and is now ready to do all grinding needed.

Lydia Keen fell recently and injured her hip badly.

Frank L. Barrett has shipped from the various depots in this vicinity 7000 bbls. green apples this year.

The merchants here are buying dried apple; price 2½ cts.

R. Dean of Buckfield, passed through this place last week with several head of oxen and cows.

E. W. Chandler has received and is now running his circular board saw. Report says it runs finely.

Geo. A. Chandler is having a large sale for flour and feed.

Chas. W. Field buys and sells all kinds of neat stock. John Heald is about the same kind of a man.

They say that G. W. Heath has the best pair of traverse horse-sleds in the vicinity.

Corry Bonney and Howard Curtis work in E. W. Chandler's saw mill.

ALBANY.

Wellington Bird is in town visiting his parents and other relatives. He is soon to return to Gorham, N. H., where he has a job in the woods.

Horace Foster has gone to Newry on business.

Dexter A. Cummings has traded yearling colt with Elton Fernald for four two-year-old steers.

Widow Charlotte Cummings is sick.

Lafayette and George Briggs have finished sawing birch for Dexter Cummings and are now at work for Elmer Saunders sawing poplar.

Amos Barker has gone to Bridgton, where he expects to get a job to work in a blacksmith shop.

Amos G. Bean is drawing bass wood lumber to Stephen Libby's mill.

George W. Beckler, one of our enterprising business men, who is doing a large amount of lumbering the present winter, has just commenced drawing hemlock logs from his lot near the Town house to Bethel.

Sumner H. Ordway and daughter of Milan, N. H., are in town visiting friends and relatives.

Dexter A. Cummings has been painting and papering his house, Amos G. Bean doing the work.

Frank Stiles of Norway, was in town one day last week selling soft soap. He thinks he will come weekly during the winter.

Herbert I. Bean, a lad of 14 years, was at work in the stable passing where a manure fork was hanging. It fell, striking his heel at the top of his rubber shoe, passed through the heel to the bottom of his foot, making an ugly wound.

The Cong. Ladies Circle met last Wednesday with Mrs. Geo. W. Briggs.

Eben Upton died last week after a brief but painful sickness, aged about 78 years. He was a good citizen and kind neighbor, and will be much missed especially by his two sons with whom he lived. He leaves three sons, one daughter, a sister and brother.

Mrs. Laura, widow of the late John Cummings, aged 84 years, has been dangerously sick but is now better.

Mrs. Solon Morse is sick.

An avalanche of dolls, a cyclone of toys, a tornado of pretty things, and the home of Santa Claus is at S. L. Crockett's, Main Street, Norway, Me. You are invited to visit Crockett's when in town. Come.

J. F. Bird has a good span of horses which he is about sending to Gorham, N. H., to haul logs. His son Will is to drive them.

Flint & Fernald have a span of "tall" horses, one of them is seventeen and a half hands and the other but little less.

Mrs. Renselier Foster, who has been spending a few weeks at Daniel Clarke's has returned to Auburn, where her sons are at school.

H.

BUCKFIELD.

Series of meetings are being held in the M. E. Church according to previous notice, conducted by Rev. A. D. Norton of North Pownal. Bro. Norton is a powerful man and can reach the people more than any one who was ever here. A number have been converted and many more are convicted.

Lunt & Record have sold their saw mill to Irish & Donovan for $2400.

G. D. Bisbbee, esq., has moved into his new office.

You should not fail to visit Crockett's at Norway and see St. Nick.

Carro A. Hutchinson has returned to Brockton to work in the shoe shop again.

FRYEBURG.

Hattie Pike has gone to Boston to spend the winter.

Interesting meetings are being held at the Cong'l vestry under the leadership of Mr. Quimby. Rev. W. B. Hague of So. Bridgton, was present at the meeting Friday evening.

The winter term of the Academy which opened last week is larger than anticipated. At present there are eighty-four pupils. The usual sociable took place Tuesday evening; Lewis M. Walker '87 was master of ceremonies.

The entertainment at the Cong'l Circle last week was made enjoyable by the illustration by tableaux of the poem "The Skeleton in Armor" read by J. Z. Sheld. The tableaux were pretty and elaborate and well illustrated the poem. The tableau Mountain Courtship brought down the house. On the whole it was a very enjoyable affair.

The White Mt. Telephone Company have extended their line to North Conway and the poles were set last week.

The C. L. S. C. meets with Rev. B. N. Stone this week. Milton will be the chief topic for discussion.

Fremont Whitcomb's house is to let. J.

EAST SUMNER.

F. L. Barrett is shipping a number of carloads of apples from this station and Hartford this week.

Rev. Wm. Bewyne has been engaged to supply the Baptist pulpit for a few months longer. He is also supplying temporarily at the Congregational church.

Hon. D. H. Thing gave an interesting lecture at Liberty Hall Saturday evening on "The Grange, what it has Done, what it is Doing, what it Proposes to Do.

NORWAY LAKE.

The school is on the third week under the instruction of Adelbert H. Caldwell of Oxford. The average attendance is about 20 scholars. Rev. Miss Angell visited the school last week and the scholars all speak in her praise. We think the town officers did the proper thing and made a wise appointment.

Fred Weston has taken his place on the milk cart again after a long sickness.

Mrs. Wm. F. Hale of Somersville, Mass., and her two little boys are visiting at C. W. Partridge's.

The lake froze over on the night of Dec. 4th.

Crockett invites you to call at his store, Norway.

It is the best of sleighing.

The days are the shortest.

SWEDEN.

Our school is in session, taught by Mr. Merrill of Lovell. All pronounce a profitable one thus far.

We hear that John Ames has sold some 50,000 feet of pine timber to James Hutchins of Lovell. It is to be cut and hauled this winter.

Select your presents at S. L. Crockett's, Norway. Largest and most attractive assortment in Oxford County.

Stephen Knight slaughtered his Jumbo hog last week which weighed 500 lbs.

John Ames' horses and colts have all had the distemper which is going the rounds. All are better.

Wyman Nevers has taken a logging job near North Waterford. He will put teams into the woods. He hauls the timber to Ring's landing, which is between four and five miles.

Frank Libby, who has taken the Andrew Libby timber to cut and haul to Moose pond, is building his camp and will soon commence operation.

Working oxen are in a little better demand than they have been, so say the Lovell buyers.

A. P. Gordon has sold some six hundred thousand feet of pine timber on his home farm to a Saco man. Harnden & Smith of East Fryeburg have taken the timber to cut and haul to the Saco River. Mr. Gordon is wintering eighteen head of cattle, a nice flock of sheep and one horse. Mr. G. has a flock of twenty-six Plymouth Rock pullets which cannot be excelled in this vicinity and we doubt if they can be in Oxford Co.

ROXBURY.

Nathaniel Locke, brother of S. M. Locke, is here on a hunting trip. Game is plenty.

A. O. Reed recently passed through this place on a "gun trip."

Catarrh is a constitutional disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a constitutional remedy. It cures catarrh. Give it a trial.

ANDOVER.

On last Thursday evening the East Andover Dramatic Company presented the drama "Down by the Sea." It was one of the best dramas that has been acted here for some time. We cannot praise those taking part too highly as each member of the company had their part well learnt. The proceeds from the entertainment netted thirty-five dollars. In addition to the above drama a concert was given. The audience listened with pleasure to some very pretty songs, which were sung by Mrs. Fred Eaton, Mrs. Blaisdell, and Maud Blaisdell. On the whole the entertainment was a great success and the "Hill" folks showed talent that was appreciated by all.

Samuel Betton has arrived home from Philadelphia.

Mrs. Dresser and Gertie Dresser have gone to Lynn, Mass., to stay throughout the winter.

John Wyman is building a work shop.

The ice is twelve inches thick on the Richardson Lake.

To be or not to be is the question of the day. We refer to the new school house not to Shakespeare.

Capt. John Gould has had another paralytic shock. He is slowly sinking.

Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Corson gave a reception Tuesday evening to their young friends. After supper was served music was indulged in. All enjoyed a good time.

Dr. Twitchell has moved into the new house which he has lately purchased.

R. Grover is moving into the steam mill which until lately has been occupied by C. Foster of Buckfield for manufacturing toothpicks. Mr. Grover will commence operation as soon as the machinery which he has ordered arrives.

HEBRON.

Daniel Bucknam bought a pig weighing 200 pounds, and presented it to Mrs. Maxim one day last week. Her health is very poor.

Mr. Bucknam has lately received quite severe injuries from a fall.

A few Lodge members went over to a sociable at the East Hebron Lodge Hall Wednesday evening.

A sociable at the Town House Friday evening.

A. S. Bowman found one of his hogs dead one morning last week; cause unknown.

Isaac Bearce is doing a large business in poultry raising. He has been dressing some off and sending them to the Boston market.

F. R. Glover has just bought a stock of Christmas goods.

Two Bates College students were in town Friday and Saturday selling books.

Our pastor, Rev. C. E. Harden preaches three sermons a month at Mechanic Falls and one at West Minot, besides preaching at our church every Sunday.

Dea. Moody is failing and can not live.

Mrs. Victoria Barrows has got a new outside door.

Lace Pins at Hill's, the New Jeweler, Norway.

A grand Christmas festival is in preparation. Come and bring your presents and have a good time.

Bert Maxim has hired out to Ezekiel Merrill during his vacation.

The Baptist Society held their annual meeting at the church Monday afternoon. C. H. George was chosen moderator; H. B. Sturtevant, secretary; H. A. Cushman, treasurer. One-half of this year's salary was reported raised.

WEST PARIS.

At an informal meeting of the Butter Factory Co., A. J. Curtis was chosen selling agent. Voted that the butter be sold every month and regular monthly payments made.

John Andrews says his trade has been much better than he expected. He keeps no books, cash sales and small profits. He takes farm produce in exchange for goods.

A. B. Andrews has put into his store the largest stock of Christmas goods that he has ever bought.

With the large and well selected stock of Christmas goods at H. C. Lane's I hardly see the necessity of our people going outside of this place with their money for Christmas presents.

Foxes are plenty and our hunters are having rare sport. F. Emmerton shot a bob-tail fox one day last week. Uncle Daniel has had a little experience in fox hunting the past week. He and a Mr. Curtis went out for a hunt. He says Curtis fired five times at one poor little fox and he fired twice and the fox decided to Uncle Daniel out of respect, not that he was much injured. G. G. Dow tells me that the first shot Daniel fired was high and ranggy, the second shot was a stunner that sent Daniel rooting as well as the fox. His pants and clothes by this last shot became sadly dilapidated but he got the fox and that was enough.

The Hard Time Party of the Universalist Circle last Thursday evening at Centennial Hall was a grand success. The hall was filled to its fullest capacity. Many of the contestants for the Society's grand prizes were certainly pictures of hard times. Michael Cary represented the green Irishman right from the old country to perfection. Our ladies appeared in their patched calico dresses and while tripping the light fantastic toe and whirling in the daze of merry dance they looked as graceful as in better clothes. About 9 o'clock the committee on prizes announced their decision and Michael Cary was called for and received the gentleman's prize, a large cabbage head. Mrs. H. G. Brown received the lady's prize, a large pumpkin. Mrs. Brown, by the way, is the soul of mirth and good humor and the life of almost any entertainment. The prizes were no sooner awarded than the recipients shouldered their prizes and marched around the hall to the great delight and merriment of the large audience present. At about 10 o'clock the large company adjourned to the hall where a bounteous supper of hulled corn and milk awaited them, to which ample justice was done. After supper those who wished danced as long and as much as they pleased. Music was furnished by the West Paris Orchestra of six pieces consisting of Herbert and Walter Bacon, violins; A. Russell, cornet; Wesley Curtis, clarionet; Bert Young, trombone; A. Bowker, bass viol and prompter. They gave the company splendid music certainly, we could not but feel pleased and proud of our orchestra.

The recent warm days have nearly destroyed our sleighing.

The lumber after a perplexing delay has now arrived for Dunham's Hall and a crew of men are now at work.

John Bicknell, former resident of this place and for the past few years proprietor of the Glen Mountain House at Bryant's Pond, is about to move back to our place into the Harwood house recently occupied by Mrs. Hall. Their old friends and neighbors will give them a warm welcome.

A. J. Curtis has just informed me that there has just been received $1700 for butter made at our Butter Factory. JNO.

NORTH NORWAY.

O. W. H. Judkins is hauling wood for Cyrus Buck, Greenwood, to Norway village.

Willie Hall is at home from the shoe factory quite sick.

Geo. Bennett has lately purchased a music box, a nice one too.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Jabez Budden celebrate their 25th marriage anniversary Dec. 21st. We hope their friends will remember them on that occasion, Tuesday, Dec. 21st. All are invited.

LOCKE'S MILLS.

O. P. Chandler killed a pig 7 months old that weighed 375 lbs. Charles K. Cross killed one not quite 7 months old that weighed 252 lbs. Daniel M. Goss killed almost 7 months old that weighed 240 lbs.

Mrs. Ida Osgood and her two children from Bethel, have been visiting her parents in this place, Moses B. Knight and wife. B.

Rev. L. H. Tabor of Bryants Pond, will deliver his discourse on "The Second Coming of Christ and the End of the World," at Locke's Mills on Sunday next, Dec. 19, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. Every one who possibly can should hear it. Seats free.

The Christmas festival and tree will be at the Mount Abram House Hall.

Pursuant to invitation the following persons interested in singing met at the residence of C. E. Stowell to form a singing class for the purpose of furnishing singing for religious meetings and for mutual benefit:—Mrs. C. E. Stowell, Mrs. W. R. Swift, Mrs. I. C. Jordan, Mrs. Abram Bryant, Lena Young, O. J. Seely, A. C. Libby, I. C. Jordan, W. H. Pearsons, J. W. Whitman, C. E. Stowell and J. A. Fairbanks. The meeting was called to order, I. C. Jordan in the chair. The following officers were elected:—Mrs. C. E. Stowell, organist; J. A. Fairbanks, chorister; C. E. Stowell, assistant chorister; I. C. Jordan, treasurer; W. H. Pearsons, clerk; J. A. Fairbanks, W. H. Pearsons and C. E. Stowell were appointed a committee to draft by-laws, and it was voted to meet once a week. John W. Whitman will assist with cornet.

The Locke's Mills Cornet Band is in good condition, holding two rehearsals each week with a good attendance.

The Locke's Mills Quadrille Band held an all day rehearsal last week assisted by Bert Young of West Paris. B.

Rev. A. R. Sylvester preached at the the church last Subbath at 2 p. m. There was a good attendance.

K. T. Bryant left Monday for Berlin, N. H., to work for Mr. Gerrish cooking for a crew of men, who are lumbering.

It is good sleighing here now.

EAST ANDOVER.

The East Andover dramatic company played to a large audience the 9th. They will repeat the drama the 17th, for the benefit of the Andover brass band.

R. A. Grover has bought another colt.

The East Andover dramatic company will give a musical and dramatic entertainment in the town hall at Rumford Center, Wednesday, Dec. 22d. For further information, see posters. S.

OXFORD.

J. W. Grant killed a couple of hogs last week that dressed 625 pounds.

Several of our neighbors cats have been poisoned recently. Somebody is evidently in big business and should be brought up with a round tune.

Geo. H. Jones talks of selling out.

L. W. Brown has a few live bait for sale for the fisherman.

Our stores have a big assortment for Christmas.

Preparations for Christmas have been made at both churches.

Edwards Bros. have been up country purchasing fox hounds. They returned with a goodly supply.

Joe Ellis and family have moved to Welchville.

Trueman Stone has moved into town.

Police Inspector Hanscom of Boston, paid his parents a flying visit last week.

The young people are holding sociables in Engine hall every Friday evening.

Although the Congregational church will probably be closed for the winter, their Sunday School is in session every Sunday in their vestry at the usual hour.

The scholars of Harry Hayes' school gave an entertainment last Friday evening consisting of dialogues, recitations, etc. It was a pleasing entertainment, the parts being well rendered. Arthur E. Hatch of Bates College was present and gave a recitation.

There will be a Band Concert by the Oxford Cornet Band in School House Hall next Wednesday evening. The Hebron Male Quartette will be present with local talent. See bills. Admission 25 cts. Children 15 cts. Curtain rises at 7:45 p. m.

The stores are being well stocked for Christmas. Geo. Kavanaugh has the finest display of candies and fruit we have ever noticed in town.

WELCHVILLE.

The schools closed Friday for a three weeks vacation.

A number of young people were baptized last Sunday at the Methodist church by Rev. Mr. Butlum.

Mrs. Dodge, Mrs. Thos. Walker and children went to Goff's Falls, N. H., Wednesday, where they are to reside in future.

Business is booming at the woolen mill part of the machinery being run evenings.

Chas. Davis is taking off the balance of the timber he bought of Root. Thomas.

Fox-hunting is the order of the day with the sportsmen. They have chased one around Rocky Dundee—four days. Tuesday there were four men and one dog after him but the hound, thinking that there were too many men for one dog, gave up the chase.

P. W Hubbard, a well known druggist of Farmington, says, "Bell's Sarsaparilla gives the best satisfaction, and the people" who don't like to give $1.00 when they can get the best for 50 cents per bottle.

RUMFORD.

Good sleighing and good crossing the river here.

About thirty-five horses passed here today en route for the woods.

The stage arrived here Tuesday evening thirty minutes head of time; only fifty minutes coming from Bryant's Pond, the last four miles being made in fourteen minutes. Without doubt Tuttle's black span are the fastest pair in town; and the parties that went after their passengers so as to get them home before the stage would arrive got left.

The Stevens boys dressed a spring pig for Otis Howe that weighed when dressed 291.

E. E. Jackson is on the sick list.

Joseph Jackson is at work for Otis Howe, blacksmithing.

The boys go fox hunting often, and often get skunked. STEVE.

PARIS HILL.

Rev. W. H. H. Ventres of Canton was in town last week and held a social meeting in the Baptist church Thursday evening.

Mrs. Charles E. Waterman is the new teacher in the primary school. A. Louise Doe, the former teacher being obliged to leave on account of sickness.

Chalres J. Presby who was burned to death at Binghampton, N. Y., last week in the burning of the Binghampton sled factory formerly lived in this village.

George H. Watkins was in town last week.

A collection for the benefit of the Free Baptist bed in the Maine General Hospital in Portland, will be taken up next Sunday.

We understand that a call has been extended to Rev. W. C. Barrows of Lewiston to fill the vicant pastorate here. He has been preaching here for some time.

Mamie Doe sings soprano in the Universalist choir in the place of her sister, A. Louise Doe, who is sick. The rest of the choir are Maggie Stanley, alto; A. S. Austin, tenor; Newton Stanley, basso, and Mrs. I. A. Thayer, organist.

S. U. Hawks and wife are visiting Boston.

William H. Atwood was in town last week.

Hon. Waldo Pettengill of Rumford was in town last week.

WE HAVE RUN DOWN OUR PRICES

On Heavy Overcoats, Suitings, Underwear, etc. Call and examine our stock and get our prices. Everything as advertised or money refunded.

We carry about 2,000 samples (Sawyer's Woolens) from which we make Custom Suits. Fits guaranteed or NO SALE at WEBB & WAKEFIELD'S, nearly opposite the P. O., Norway, Me.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-st N. Y.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box For sale at Noyes Drug Store.

DIXFIELD.

F. C. Richards has traded his farm in Dixfield for Kimball's mill in Mexico. Mr. Richards' son takes charge of the mill.

E. G. Reynolds has sold his stock and trade of medicines to F. S. Chase for $1000.

N. M. Cox has sold his stock and trade of meats and canned goods to Geo. Brown of Mexico.

W. F. Putnam has sold his stand on Weld St. to a Mr. Ripley of Buckfield.

Mr. Putnam will build a new house on Weld St. next summer. Several other new dwellings will be built on Weld St. next summer. The parties have secured their building spots of W. S. Chase. Business will boom here another summer.

Our village school is progressing well under the care of Mr. Park.

Rheumatism

We doubt if there is, or can be, a specific remedy for rheumatism; but thousands who have suffered its pains have been greatly benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. If you have failed to find relief, try this great remedy.

"I was afflicted with rheumatism twenty years. From '65 to 1883 I found no relief, but grew worse, and at one time was almost helpless. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me more good than all the other medicine I ever had." H. T. BALCOM, Shirley Village, Mass.

"I had rheumatism three years, and got no relief till I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has done great things for me. I recommend it to others." LEWIS BURBANK, Biddeford, Me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the *combination* of remedial agents; 2d, the *proportion;* 3d, the *process* of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. F. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARRINGTON, 139 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

Good Results in Every Case.

D. A. Bradford, wholesale paper dealer in Chattanooga, Tenn., writes that he was seriously affected with a severe cold which settled on his lungs: had tried many remedies without benefit. Being induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, did so, and was entirely cured by the use of a few bottles. Since which time he has used it in his family for Coughs and Colds with the best results. This is the experience of thousands whose lives have been saved by this Wonderful Discovery. Free Trial Bottles at Noyes' Drug Store.

UPTON.

We have frequent snow storms.

Gard Wilson and wife, who are making their home at the Bethel House this winter, were in town Saturday.

Asa Abbott was kicked in the side of his face badly by a colt last week. He was unconscious a short time.

School closed in districts No. 2 and 4 Friday.

Oland Brooks is attending school in Grafton.

Asa K. Frost took two nice horses from Canada Saturday.

HAVE YOU GOT

A Backache, Drawing-down Pain, Weary, Tired Feeling, Disinclination to Labor, Scanty and High Colored Urine? If you have any of these troubles you may be sure you have Kidney Disease. Are you bilious? Have you jaundice? Do you have a sallow complexion? Are you troubled with constipation? If so, you have Liver Complaint and should read the following testimonials:

MRS. CHAS. HATHORN, 51 Pearl St., Bangor, has been very low with Kidney Disease; she had been confined to her bed for some time. Had a constant and intense

BACKACHE

with all other symptoms of Kidney Disease. Her husband was called home as she was dangerously ill; he bought Brown's Sarsaparilla; she was cured by it, and is now about her house in better health than for years. The testimony of her friends is that Brown's Sarsaparilla saved her life.

MRS. C. P. BRACKETT, of Hermon, had Kidney Disease. Could not stir but one or two hours at a time. Had a constant tired feeling and sick headache, together with the usual BACKACHE that accompanies Kidney Disease. Her husband took Brown's Sarsaparilla to her, and by its use she was cured, and can now run a sewing machine and do work about her house better than for years. Mr. Brackett says there must have been one hundred people call to see her and all agree that that famous Brown's Sarsaparilla cured her of Kidney Disease.

H. G. ROBERTS, Merchant, Abbot, Me., had Scrofula. Foot and ankle swelled so he could not walk. Gave up business. Used four bottles Brown's Sarsaparilla, was cured, and now attends to business as well as ever.

I. W. TREBETTS, M. D., Stetson, Me., prescribes Brown's Sarsaparilla for all forms of Kidney and Liver Disease.

MR. CHAS. PATTERSON, Engineer, Bangor, was cured of Kidney Disease, caused by over exertion, lifting, etc.

E. J. WATSON, Fern St., Bangor, was cured of Kidney Disease by Brown's Sarsaparilla.

Brown's Sarsaparilla

Is guaranteed to do all claimed for it, and any druggist will give you back your money if it does not. Remember also we print only home testimonials from reliable people.

Brown's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists for $1.00; 6 bottles for $5.00. ARA WARREN, Proprietor, Bangor, Maine.

XMAS BELLS!

Continually Ringing, at

Hatch's Art Store, Norway,

As the orders for **Frames** and **Upholsterings** are coming in fast. The largest stock in Plush goods, such as

Toilet Cases, Cabinet Frames, Photograph & Autograph Albums.

Also Photo. and Auto. Albums in leather. Xmas Cards, in large qualities, are found at Hatch's, at low prices. Call and examine before you purchase elsewhere, and hear those Xmas Bells.

SHORT ✦ DAYS!

SHORTER ✱ PRICES!

Seasonable and Staple Goods Very Low.

BARCAINS in everything and everything at a BARCAIN.

The season of PRESENTS is approaching.

CALL AND SEE THOSE AT

MRS. W. MOORE'S,

Before buying; you will never regret it, as you will find a Nice Line of **Useful Presnts very cheap.**

You will find the Largest line of LADIES' and GENTS'

SILK & LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS IN OXFORD COUNTY.

Those in want of MILLINERY GOODS will find it will pay them to call, as we have lots of trimmed Hats and Bonnets.

MRS. W. MOORE,

113 Main Street, next door to Noyes' Drug Store, . . . NORWAY, ME.

CHRISTMAS,

New Year and Birth Day Cards!

AT THE

Excelsior

Picture Frame Store,

No. 1, Odd Fellows' Block, - - SOUTH PARIS, ME.

No Christmas Goods

KEPT BY

W. C. LEAVITT

COPPER AND NICKEL PLATED WATER TANKS. COPPER AND NICKEL PLATED TEAKETTLES

First Class Tinware!

Of all kinds made to order and are good for all times of the year.

W. C. LEAVITT,

122 NORWAY BLOCK, Norway, Me.

John F. Allen

—HAS A—

LARGE ✦ STOCK

OF BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS,

—AT—

✱LOW PRICES✱

Opposite Elm House, Norway, Me.

Agents Wanted

In every town in Oxford county, TO SELL

RUBBER STAMPS!

of every kind. The best chance ever offered to agents. In this county. Address with stamp 51-7* J. H. MURDOCK, Welchville, Me.

WANTED!

A smart willing couple, without children, as Gardener &c., and competent Housekeeper and Cook, to take charge of my place at Andover, Me., by the year. Address, with full particulars, S. CABOT, P. O. Box 901 New York City, N. Y. 48-53.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

A Wonderful Bargain!

To introduce New and Improved Styles, I offer until February 1st, two nice Imperials, two nice Panels, four nice Cabinets and six Card Photos, all for $2.00, paid at time of sitting. Any not satisfactory taken over free.

4 Nice Cabinets for only 75 cts.
4 " Card Photos only 50 "

Not cheap pictures, but finished in the best style known to the art, to introduce new styles.

You will never get such a chance again during your whole life. They are so good I am getting orders for a dozen more from almost every lot.

J. K. CHASE, Oxford, Me.

NOTICE TO HOUSEKEEPERS!

CHAMPION FIRE KINDLER.

One piece will burn ten minutes. One piece will kindle any fire without the use of shavings, kindling wood or kerosene oil. No odor, dirt or dust

It is Non-Explosive.

SAMPLES FREE.

One-half Gross in Box for 25 cts.

Hobb's Variety Store.

CHRISTMAS CANDY!

CONFECTIONERY at Wholesale. Manufactured by C. E. RINES, at the NORWAY BAKERY.

All Confectionery as well as Bakery Supplies, delivered by team. Speak to the driver of the cart.

Christmas 1886!

New Year's 1887!

A Large Line OF USEFUL HOLIDAY GOODS! AT

N. Dayton Bolster's,

South Paris.

CHRISTMAS

WE HAVE THE FINEST LINE OF

Velvet and Silk Neckwear, Mufflers, Scarf Pins, etc., that can be found outside of the cities.

OVERCOATS! SUITINGS! OVERCOATS!

Now is the time to get extra bargains in Overcoats and Suitings.

Suits from $5.00 up to $20.00. Custom-Made from $15.00 to $50.00, and Fits guaranteed or no sale. Working Pants 90c., $1.25, 1.50, 1.75 and 2.00. Cardigan Jackets 75c, $1.00, 1.25, 1.50 and 2.00. Fur Caps $1.00, 1.25, 1.75, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00 and 3.50. Leather Jackets $6.00, 7.50 and 8.00.

These are a few of our bargains. Call and examine our stock and get our prices before purchasing, as we can save you money.

Remember it is no trouble to show our goods.

WEBB & WAKEFIELD,

110 Main St., Nearly opposite Post Office. **NORWAY, Me.**

Holiday Goods!

Holiday Goods!

Our Former Record BEATEN.

Larger Stock, Better Variety of more Useful Presents,

Than EVER Before!

DON'T FAIL TO

Call at Crockett's Drug Store,

143 Main St., NORWAY, ME.

A Large Stock of

Holiday Goods!

MAY BE FOUND AT

WHITCOMB & SMILEY'S,

129 Main Street. Norway, Maine.

NEW JEWELRY STORE!

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GOODS AT

VIVIAN W. HILLS',

137 MAIN St., - NORWAY, Me.

(IN J. CLARK'S SHOE STORE.)

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

Fine line of Ladies and Gent's Gold and Silver Watches,

RINGS! RINGS! RINGS!

Elegant Line Lady's and Gent's Gold Rings in all the New and leading designs.

LADIES' AND CENTS' FINE CHAINS

Charms, Gold Pins, Pencils, Etc.

JEWELRY! JEWELRY! JEWELRY!

Fine Line from best Manufacturies, consisting of Sets, Pins, Ear Jewels, Cuff Buttons, Scarf Pins, Collar Butons, Studs, Cuff Buttons, Etc., Etc.

SOLID SILVER AND PLATED WARE

Tea Sets, Cake Baskets, Casters, Preserve Dishes, Jelly Dishes, Pickle Dishes, Card Receivers, Vases, Cups, Napkin Rings, Knives, Forks, Spoons, Etc., Etc., from the best Manufacturies selling extremely low. Plush and Morocco Cases for the above. Goods engraved free to Purchasers.

NEW GOODS! LOW PRICES FOR CASH!

All Goods and work fully warranted and satisfaction guaranteed. Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, I am,

HILLS, THE NEW JEWELER,

137 Norway Block, In Clark's Shoe Store.

Oxford County Advertiser.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1886.

NORWAY AND VICINITY.

Gold rings at Hill's, the new Jeweler.*
Sleds and baby sleighs at Crockett's.*
Mont Hollis has moved here from West Sumner.
Holiday goods at C. N. Tubbs'. *
Minnie Ackerly of Gorham, N. H., is in town.
Don't forget the handkerchief sale at S. B. & Z. S. Prince's. *
Perfume of all kinds. Perfume cases. Smoking sets at Crockett's. *
Charles L. Cummings is driving Geo. Dunham's meat cart.
Finest display of useful presents in town at Crockett's. *
A. E. Morrison's little son has been very sick.
Books for any body at Crockett's. *
John Bumpus is very sick.
Toys, sleds and baby sleighs at Noyes' Drug Store.
L. R. Hall is visiting at Gardiner and Bangor.
Millinery is very low at Mrs. Moore's to close out winter stock. *
Beautiful cups and saucers for moustached humanity at S. L. Crockett's. *
Collars, cuffs, shirts, neck-ties of every variety at Huntington & Co's.
D. A. Cummings of Albany, was in town Monday.
All the popular brands of chewing and smoking tobacco at Nevers'. *
Annie Parker is teaching the Grammar school.
Don't lay this paper down till you have read Hill's ad. *
Mrs. Mary Bartlett has been very sick.
Story books, cards and toilet sets at Crockett's Drug Store.
A. D. True has been on the sick list for the past few days.
You will find bargains in hosiery, underwear and gloves at Mrs. Moore's store.
Swan & Cobb, the leading photographer. *
A full line of bath towels, handkerchiefs, napkins, etc., at C. N. Tubbs'. *
Mr. and Mrs. Stiles of West Bethel, have been in town caring for their son, Albert, who has been very sick.
Sittings made on or before the 21st will be finished for Christmas at Swan & Cobb's. *
Pomona Grange meeting at Norway the *second* Tuesday in January, instead of first as reported last week.
Brooks & Buck still continue to sell 15 pounds of standard granulated sugar for $1.00, 7½ pounds for 50 cts. Oh, my! *
Horace Sanborn and brother, sons of David Sanborn, have moved from Fall City, Washington Territory, to Arizona.
Read Webb & Wakefield's Christmas advertisement in this issue. *
We understand Eddie Rich is to run the fish business heretofore conducted by J. S. Holt.
Swan & Cobb will exhibit some work in the post-office Saturday, which will excell all their past work. *
Mufflers at Huntington & Co.'s from 50 cents to $2 apiece. Just the thing for a present.
J. H. Cotton recently killed a 15 months old hog that weighed 452 pounds. Nat Frost slaughtered one that weighed 530 pounds. The age of Mr. Frost's hog we did not learn.
A large line of silk handkerchiefs, hand bags, fur sets, tidies and table scarfs at Whitcomb & Smiley's.
Otis Jones and family, who have been visiting Mrs. Jones' sister, M. Ellen Frost, returned to Boston last week. Mr. Jones' family spend a portion of every summer in our village.
Visit Old St. Nicholas at S. L. Crockett's and see what he has in stock to amuse and instruct old and young. *
Mrs. Simeon Drake has gone to Massachusetts, where she will spend Christmas. She will visit at North Weymouth and Manchester-by-the-Sea.
Studio of Swan & Cobb will be open Christmas day, and all sittings made before the 28th will be finished New Year's Eve. *
For Holiday candies go to Brooks & Buck's where you can buy mixed candies for 15 cents per pound, two pounds for a quarter. *
A Chicago clergyman asks: "Can a man be a Christian and at the same time a successful business man?" He can if he advertises largely. C. G. Mason, Norway Hardware Emporium. *
Call at Swan & Cobb's Studio, buy an order for one dozen Imperials and present it to your friend.
Rev. Caroline E. Angell preached an excellent sermon from Luke xiii, 23 and 24th verses last Sunday afternoon to a good audience.
If you want an ice cream chocolate go to Brooks & Buck's, who keep a full line of confectionary. *
A number of our people were thinking of attending the Henry M. Stanley lecture at Portland. He has, however, cancelled his lecture engagements and sailed for Europe Wednesday, by request of the King of the Belegians.
S. B. & Z. S. Prince are showing a beautiful line of silk umbrellas, some with handles of natural wood, others with gold and silver mountings. With one of these no lady will be afraid to brave even Norway storms. *
The Ladies' Universalist Circle will meet at Concert Hall Tuesday afternoon and evening of next week. Work for the ladies in the afternoon, promenade in the evening. All are invited.
Sweet and sour milk for sale at Nevers' Dining Rooms. Also oyster crackers, figs and dates. *
Mrs. M. E. Woodsum has been in Boston this week buying lots of goods. Call and see presents to be given away. Big ad. next week.
Young man, go to Hill's, the New Jeweler, and purchase your sweet heart, sister or mother a present.
Royall Caldwell's horse died of heart disease while being driven last Friday evening.
Call at Webb & Wakefield's and see their fine display of neck-wear, mufflers, etc. *
S. S. Packard says he has finished his house on Paris Street and now has two tenements in it ready to occupy. Rent $8.00 per tenement. See ad.
For portraits executed in the best style of the art of photography call at Miss Libby's on Deering street. Best work and lowest prices. See ad.
David Smiley has commenced to speculate in stocks. He recently bought a share in the Norway Branch railroad, giving therefor one silk handkerchief; value, $1.00
If you want a good custom made suit select pattern and leave your measure at J. F. Huntington & Co.'s, Norway.
Capt. W. A. Ripley, sole leather cutter at the new shoe shop, cut off the index finger of the left hand last Friday afternoon. The Captain is doing well as could be expected. He has operated a sole cutter a number of years and this is his first accident.
Robes of all kinds at C. S. Tucker's. Buy one and make a present to your friend. Best robes and lowest prices at Tucker's.
Band Concert and Ball at Norway Hall next Friday evening, the 24th. See posters. The Boys want to realize $30 or so above expenses, so as to liquidate their obligations incurred in the Band Tournament last August.
Lockets at Hill's, the new Jeweler. *
Cloak lost. See ad.
George Pendexter of North Conway is visiting at the Noyes' Drug store.
Full line of ready-made clothing, hats, caps, etc., at J. F. Huntington & Co's.
The case of the vs. Marshall S. Long on complaint of Lucy E. McKeen who alleged assault and battery was tried before Judge Whitman Tuesday. Hon. A. S. Kimball appeared for the State and Hon. H. M. Bearce of Bearce & Stearns, for the defence. Decision reserved until next term of the municipal court.
There is just an elegant line of Holiday goods at Noyes' Drug Store this year; and more of them, too, than were ever before collected together in any one place in this part of the State. It is well worth one's time to examine this immense collection before even thinking of buying a present. Additions to this stock are being made daily.
Ranch Studios of Swan & Cobb will be opened personally about the second week in January. Charles R. Smith will operate their Norway Studio during their absence of two or three weeks. *
Heavy ulsters at Webb & Wakefield's.*
Notice Hill's, the Jeweler's ad. *
Visit Nevers' and bring the children when lookings for holiday presents. *
Jewelry at Hill's, the new Jeweler. *
School children's book cases at Crockett's. Norway. *
W. H. Benson of Arizona Territory, son of W. S. Benson of this village, has presented to the Public Library a book entitled "Resources of Arizona." The book has been placed on the shelves of the Library and numbered 1166.
Work-baskets, brush-holders with and without brushes, plush and velvet cases of all kinds at S. L. Crockett's. *
Lace pins at Hill's, the new Jeweler. *
Prunes best quality at Nevers'—excellent for Christmas pies; also raisins of all kinds and spices. *
Christmas trade is brisk at Mrs. W. Moore's.
Brooks & Buck had a new sign hung in front of their store Tuesday. It is a very modest, neat looking sign of gold letters on a dark blue ground. It was painted by George Small.
Chains at Hill's, the new Jeweler. *
Hazelton has forty-two couples at his dancing school in Norway Hall. The school will be on Friday evening of this week.
Sleds, sleighs, banks, safes, books, games, dolls and school books at Crockett's Drug Store. *
Bracelets at Hill's, the new Jeweler. *
Overcoats cheap for cash at Webb & Wakefield's. *
Silver watches at Hill's, the new jeweler.
Christmas comes but once a year and J. C. Bennett & Co., the ever popular market men, have secured the country for the best goods in their line. The best of everything to eat can be found at J. C. B. & Co's. They recently killed an ox for Christmas trade that weighed nearly 1100 pounds.
Silverware at Hill's, the new Jeweler.*
Temperance meeting at the Methodist church next Sunday eve at 7 o'clock, singing by the church choir.
Candles for the Christmas trade, long and short sticks and candy animals at A. J. Nevers'. *
Shall you purchase a Christmas present? If so call at Hill's before buying. *
Fur caps at Webb & Wakefield's. *
Brackett's Branch have the largest and best assortment of goods in their line at lower prices than elsewhere in town. Read their ad. and see the special bargains. No one should fail to call at Brackett's opposite Elm House when out shopping.
Gold pens at Hill's, the new Jeweler.*
The "Oxford Book Store" was the title of the first establishment of that kind in Norway founded more than sixty years ago. The same name has been adopted by Mr. Houghton and an Oxford Bear has been selected as the trade mark. An elegant assortment of books and station ery from the leading houses of New York is now on the way and new "Oxford Book Store" will be open for business in a very few days.
Presents suitable for young and old can be found at Hill's, the new Jeweler. *
C. E. Rines, the Norway Baker, is making and wholesaling confectionery of all kinds. Mr. Plummer, who is a practical confectioner and knows the business thoroughly, is in company with him. You should try their fresh candy. Their cream cakes are the best in the market. Call at the bakery and try some. All goods are delivered on the teams.
Buy your presents at Hill's and be happy. *
The Norway Brass Band are to give a Concert and Ball Friday, Christmas eve, in Norway Hall. The concert will be under the direction of Frank L. Collins, of Portland. Music for dancing will be furnished by Young's Orchestra. Concert to commence at 8 o'clock; grand march at 9. Tickets $1.00 per couple; gallery 25 cents. All seats reserved. Oyster supper at the Beal's House.
Dry goods, groceries, carpetings, etc., at C. N. Tubbs'.
Gold watches at Hill's, the new jeweler.
Visit Crockett's at once and select your presents. *
Better look over Hill's ad. in this issue.
Isaac P. Noyes of Greenwood, has an excellent farm adjoining the Norway line. Eighteen years ago he sold his farm on Patch mountain and purchased the one where he now lives. It was considerably run out when he moved on to it, but every year since he has continued to make improvements and has bought other land adjoining. The farm now contains two hundred acres. During the past year he and his boys alone have put in sixty-five rods of underdraining, a nice cellar to his barn, made a double-floored tie up with all the modern improvements, a sap camp sixteen by twenty-four feet and a general cleaning up of his sugar orchard of about five hundred trees has been made. The bushes beside the road have been cut, and everything about his farm looks neat and tidy. Mr. Noyes is one of the best farmers of Greenwood. Dr. Noyes of this town is his son.
A veritable Santa Claus has come into S. L. Crockett's show window and has taken possession of his whole store. He wears a bear-skin overcoat, wool boots, a long white beard and mittens. He sends us a letter written in a scrawling hand, with a stub pen or broken match, we can't tell which; and he evidently never attended school in this vicinity as he murders the King's English and can't spell anything. He says: "my Dear Advertising; tell Oxford County childrens and adjoining towns I am kum to Krokett's Drug store, Norway, Me., with all my nu and pritty presents, and thus I want to see all the childrens, their Fathers and their mothers, brothers, sisters, at my Head Quarters in the next ten Days at Crockett's. Presents for every body. Yours truly: SANTA CLAUS, at Kroket's, Norway, for 15 days. Kum early and see, at Krowkett's Norway, Me., Main St., U. S. A., N. A." We are actually ashamed of Old St. Nick's letter, but then it won't do to get him mad with us, as he wouldn't give us any of his presents, so we print his letter just as he wrote it. If we dared we should like to send the old fellow a dictionary and grammar, and give him a few lessons in penmanship. It won't do as he might resent it.

Death from Heart Disease.

The body of John L. Woodsum of Oxford was found near C. B. Cummings' woodshed on Whitman Street last Tuesday morning. He had been dead some hours when discovered. Mr. W. and team was discovered by Charles Morgan and Isaac Wing. The coroner's inquest showed that Mr. Woodsum, Monday afternoon at about 4 o'clock, was seen unloading wood into Cummings' shed near where the body was found. Only about half the wood on the sled was thrown off. The horses had wandered around the yard during the night and had got cast in such a manner as to be unable to get up. Nothing about the deceased had been disturbed.
Coroner A. P. Bassett summoned a jury of Samuel Pavor, E. W. Howe, Dr. G. F. Jones, C. S. Tucker, Aaron Paige, G. A. Cole, H. M. Bearce, Dr. C. L. Pike, and Dr. A. N. French. The investigation showed that death was the result of heart disease. Two brothers of the deceased had died of heart trouble and the deceased had been for some time under the care of a physician for the same trouble. The body was taken to the residence of Elias Woodsum where the inquest was held, after which it was put under the charge of Worshipful Master S. R. Knowland, of Oxford Lodge F. and A. M., of which order he was a member.
The funeral under the auspices of the Masons occurred at his late residence in Oxford, Thursday noon and he was buried in the Norway Pine Grove Cemetery.

[Communication.

MR. EDITOR.—After having visited several places where I expected to see a fine display and not being disappointed, dropped by chance into Hatch's, was happily surprised and almost astonished to see his store both in quality and quantity. Think he deserves your patronage and hope you will call and see him as such a store should be supported.

A LOOKER ON.

The pain-banisher is a name applied to St. Jacob's Oil, by the millions who have been cured of rheumatism and neuralgia by its use.
William Foye of East Sumner, has received an increase of pension.

SOUTH PARIS.

The village High School closed last week.
Charles Prescott now has a flange plough attachment to his hand-car.
A covered way from the paint shop to the carpenter's shop has been added to the Paris Manufacturing Company's buildings; also one from the saw-mill to the steam-rooms.
We hear that a Dr. Elliott from Woburn, Mass., has moved into the village.
An Arins Palace Horse Car was on the siding in this village the present week. The comfort of this car would make glad any strong member of the society of the long name. The windows are covered with wire screens, and the inside fitted up with stalls and feed cribs. We wish that all live-stock cars could be made in this way and also that a live-stock watering station could be made here.
Tobogganing is becoming more and more popular. The Paris Manufacturing Company received an order for one hundred one day last week.
Jacob Nichols is confined to the house with sickness.
John Pierce has opened a branch jewelry store in Bethel.
The Pullman Palace Car Company are building some very fine passenger cars for the Grand Trunk. We hear they are to be run on this end of the line, probably between Portland and Lewiston.
A telegram was received in this village last week announcing the burning of the sled factory at Binghampton, New York, and the perishing in the flames of the superintendent, Charles J. Presby. Mr. Presby was formerly foreman of the paint shop in the Paris Manufacturing Company. He went to Binghampton in 1877 to take charge of the Binghampton Sled Company's paint shop and two years ago was elected superintendent. Mr. Presby was a skilful ornamental painter and at one time run John Cummings' paint shop in this village.
We hear that the C. L. S. C. numbers about twenty members, who are enthusiastic in their studies. We hope the number may be much increased. Mr. Perry has very kindly given them the free use of his collection of minerals.
Rev. W. H. H. Ventres of Canton, and his son William were in town last week.
We understand that there is a prospect of the Paris Manufacturing Company adding the window shade business to their other industries.
Rev. H. E. Foss of Bath, formerly of the Methodist church of this village, lectured here the 15th.
J. B. Brackett, of Leeds' Junction, agent of the Washington Life Insurance Company of New York, was in town last week taking risks.
A collection for the Baptist Free Bed in the Maine General Hospital, in Portland, will be taken up at the Baptist church next Sunday.
Photographs of shop crews in the village were taken last Thursday.
Freeman C. Merrill has just received a patent on a new swivel plough which he has invented.
George A. Talbot of Chapman, Kansas, in a letter to the Lewiston *Journal* tells the following concerning two Paris boys: Joseph M. Clifford is a Paris boy who came to Kansas in 1884 and is engaged in the mercantile business. Having a natural turn for the business he takes delight in pleasing his patrons and although he has been in the business less than a year he has built up a good trade for himself. Honesty is a strict business principle with him and that coupled with his energy is sure to win for him a foremost position among our merchants. He also is found ever active on the side of morality. Another Paris boy, H. A. Knight has been running the meat market for the past four years. He is, to use a western phrase, "a rustler," in every sense of the word, who deals honestly with his fellow man.
The Baptist church in connection with the church in Paris Hill has, so we understand, extended a call to Rev. W. C. Barrows, of Lewiston, to become its pastor. Rev. Mr. Barrows is one of the finest preachers in the State and the church would do well to secure his services.
A brakeman had his finger crushed at this station last week.
C. E. Richardson, of the firm of Richardson & Stearns, Minneapolis, formerly of the firm of S. Richardson & Co., of this village, is in town.
The officers of the Paris Grange are as follows:—H. E. Chase, Master; W. K. Green, Overseer; Charles Edwards, Sec.; Rosea Bonney, Steward; Edward Ryerson, Asst. Steward; Mrs. Carrie Briggs, Lecturer; Joseph Wheeler, Chaplain. There are other officers to be elected at next meeting.
The funeral of Mrs. Sarah R. Stowell, relict of the late Major Rufus Stowell, occurred Sunday at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Nathan M. Crockett, Rev. S. Hooper officiated.
The corporation have voted to accept the water works of the Norway Water Company and to purchase seven hundred feet of hose, and provide quarters for them.

RUMFORD CENTRE.

Abbott & Bennett are getting along nicely on their steam mill. They will soon have it running. The birch and board logs begin to arrive. They have moved their families into the Penley house.
Mrs. R. C. Doloff is very sick yet.
Henry Hutchins is teaching school in district No. 8.
The crossing on the ice is not very good.
J. E. Stevens has a large assortment of Christmas goods. *
The "Jolly Club" of Rumford and vicinity will present the Operatta "Gyp Jr.," at the town hall, Rumford Center, Monday evening Dec. 20th. Admission to the hall 20 cents; children, 10 cents. Doors open 6:30 o'clock, curtain rises 7:30. Cast of characters.

Gumwag Gyp,	Mrs. Nellie Hutchins.
Gyp Junior,	Miss Emma Pitcher.
Francis,	Miss Eva Stevens.
Lillie.	Mrs. Emma Rolfe.
First Tramp,	Pearl Andrews.
Second Tramp,	Chan Frost.

Chorus of school children.
The East Andover Dramatic Co. will give a musical and dramatic entertainment in Town Hall next Wednesday evening. The drama "Down by the Sea," with a strong cast of characters will be presented. Admission 15 cents. Curtain rises at 7:30 o'clock. See hangers.

BIRTHS.

In South Paris, Dec. 1, to the wife of N. D. Bolster, a daughter.
In Albany, Dec. 5, to the wife of W. E. Herrick, a daughter.
In Albany, Dec. 6, to the wife of James Bennett, a son.
In Albany, to the wife of Freeman Stanley, a daughter.
In Roxbury, Dec. 3, to the wife of L. A. Thomas, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

In Paris, Dec. 12, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. S. Hooper, Leroy B. Abbott and Julia E. Briggs, both of Paris.
In Norway, Dec. 11, by H. Upton, esq., Chas. H. Knowland and Etta J. Kimball, both of Harrison.
In Canton, Dec. 2, Geo. Blanchard of Cumberland and Anna M. Childs of Canton.
In Harrison, Dec. 2, Emil J. Brackett and Kate G. Bailey, both of Harrison.
In Canton, Nov. 24, by Rev. F. Blake, H. C. Adkins and Lena M. Gines.

DEATHS.

In Norway, Dec. 14, John L. Woodsum.
In Canton, Dec. 10, Mrs. Fidella, wife of Zeri Hayford, aged 81 years.
In Lovell, Dec. 6, David Coffin, aged 85 years.
In South Paris, Dec. 10, Mrs. Sarah E. Stowell, aged 89 years.
In Albany, Dec. 7, Eben Upton, aged 73 yrs.
In East Bethel, Dec. 4, infant child of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Down.
In Veleheville, Dec. 11, Abial Pratt, aged 88 years.
In Hanover, Dec. 4, Frank Armsby Ivons, aged 15 years.
In Casco, Dec. 5, Mrs. Ann Lawrence, wife of John Small, aged 89 years, 5 months and 5 days.
In Poland, Dec. 8, Mrs. Abigail C. True, wife of William Rowe, aged 74 years, 2 months.
In Mexico, Dec. 13, Mrs. Wm. I. Hol'.
In Harrison, Dec. 3, Mrs. Mary Ann, wife of John Y. Wood, aged 55 years.

FLOWERS! Wreaths, Crosses, Pillows, Etc., Etc. for Funerals, of the Finest Fresh Flowers at Low Prices. Also Roses and other Flowers for Balls, Parties, Etc. We have made arrangements with the well-known Florists, W. E. Morton & Co., of Portland, to promptly fill all Orders.
NOYES' DRUG STORE, 6-1y
Norway, Me.

LOST A lady's cloak between Norway Village and the farm of Roswell Frost. The finder will confer a favor by leaving the cloak at J. W. Everett's meat market.

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or my leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well." Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25 cents a box, at Noyes' Drug Store.

The place
to buy your
Christmas Presents is at the Clothing store of J. F. Huntington & Co., where you will find a large assortment of Silk and Cashmere Mufflers, Linen Hemstitched and Silk Handkerchiefs, Neck-ties, Ear Muffs, Colars, Cuffs, Cardigans, Suspenders, Under Clothing, and lots of other useful gifts. Big bargains in OVERCOATS. Large Stock of FUR CAPS, at low prices. Suits at Bed Rock Bargains in Children's Overcoats. Custom Work made to order, in the Latest Styles, and at Lowest prices!!!!!!

☞Call and examine our Goods before purchasing.

J. F. HUNTINGTON & CO.
Norway BLock, - - Norway, Me.

HAVE YOU CALLED AT S. Richards THE JEWELER SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

He has the largest assortment of Ladies Gold Watches in Oxford County. Sold on easy terms, call and examine.

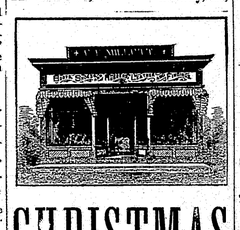
S. RICHARDS SO. PARIS ME.

IT IS A FACT
THAT WE ARE SELLING A BETTER
MOLASSES
For 35 Cents,
Than can be bought at any other place
For 40 Cents.
That our 45 Cent Molasses Cannot be Beat at any Price!

IF YOU Cannot get which suits you, give us a call, and if our best TEA does not give satisfaction, your money will be refunded.

Our True Grit and Greensboro'
Roller * Flour,
will please every cook, at prices that will astonish buyers.

A FULL LINE OF
CANNED GOODS
ALWAYS ON HAND.
Teas and Coffees a Specialty.
☞All Goods Warranted! Weights and measures guaranteed.
BROOKS & BUCK,
140 Maine St., - - Norway, Me,



CHRISTMAS
SLIPPERS!
—IN—
Great Abundance
—AT—
MILLETT & FULLER'S,
112 Main St., - - NORWAY, ME.

TWO TENEMENTS To Rent in S. S. Packard's New House on Paris Street. Four Room Suits at $8 00 per month. 51-53

C. S. CUMMINGS'
HAS THE LARGST AMOUNT
—OF—
CHRISTMAS GOODS!
Ever in Stock Consisting of
EASY & PATENT ROCKING CHAIRS
Upholstered in Imitation Ra Silk, Hair Cloth, Crushed and Brocaded Plushes and Spun Silk, also a fine line of
RATTAN CHAIRS
LOUNGES IN PLUSHES, RAW SILK, HAIR CLOTH, TAPESTRY, TAPESTRY VELVET, ETC., ETC.
FURNITURE ROOMS
CHILDREN'S CHAIRS!
In variety, also new patterns in
CAMP CHAIRS!
Parlor Sets in Hair Cloth, Brocaded and Crushed Plush, These are all fresh goods which we have and must
Sell. Prices will be the Lowest.
WARRANTED AS
LOW OR LOWER
Than can be Bought in the Cities.
All goods sold will be Delivered Free to any station on the line of the G. T. R.
NORWAY, - MAINE.

MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY
—OF—
HOLIDAY
GOODS!
The Largest Collection
—OF—
ELEGANT PRESENTS
Ever Witnessed in Norway!
THE EXHIBITIONS
—OF—
CHRISTMAS & NEW YEARS'
GOODS!
Of Previous Years ECLIPSED!
☞Anything and Everything in the category of
Holiday Presents!
You Cannot Fail to be Suited!!
You Cannot Come too Soon!!!
PRICES EXCEEDINGLY LOW AT
NOYES' DRUG STORE, NORWAY, ME.

WATCHES,
Clocks and Jewelry!
The Largest Stock, Lowest Prices and the GREATEST VARIETY, ever in the County.
—SOLID SILVER AND PLATED—
Knives, Forks, Spoons, Casters, Pickle Jars, Cake Baskets, Fruit Knives, and Nut Picks, for
WEDDING AND CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!
Egnagement Rings in plain, flat and oval band, solid gold Rings, in Pearl and Diamond, Children's and Misses' Engraved and Flat Band and Stone Rings, Bracelets, Bar Pins, Collar Studs, Diamond and Plain Gold for Ladies' Colars, Studs, and Cuff Buttons in gold and Plate for Gents.
HORACE COLE, Jeweler,
50tf Norway, Me.

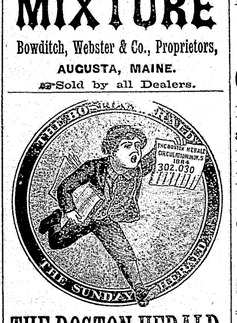
STILL AHEAD!
Our DOW'S Extra FLOUR never varies, and will stand the test of the best housewife when all others fail. Try it for once and be convinced.
☞Fresh GROCERIES and Canned Goods arriving every day, and we can sell as LOW as the lewest.
Our Selected TEAS and Pure COFFEES, we boast of, and if you are in want of a good cup of Tea or Coffee, come to the neatest Grocery in town and get one lb. of any of our choice grades and see if we cannot back up all we say. Yours truly,
A. C. GREENE & CO.

GRAND DISPLAY!
—OF—
HOLIDAY FANCY GOODS!
—AND GREAT—
BARGAIN SALE
—OF ALL—
DRY AND FANCY GOODS!
FOR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS AT
BRACKETT'S BRANCH, OPP. ELM HOUSE, NORWAY.
Great Bargains to be Offered in all Departments. Goods useful as well as Ornamental and just the thing for Holiday Gifts. All to be sold for very low prices to clear them out in the next two weeks, as we do not believe in carrying over stock to another season.
SEE SPECIAL BARGAINS TO BE OFFERED AT THIS GREAT SALE.

Bargains in handkerchiefs, 50 dozen fancy handkerchiefs at only 2 cts., very cheap. 25 doz. handkerchiefs at 5 cts. 25 doz. Ladies' hemmed stitched colored borders at 8 and 10 cts. 100 doz. of Ladies and Gents' fancy handkerchiefs from 5 cts. to $1.00. Fully 20 per cent. under price. Ladies' and Gents' Silk handkerchiefs from 15 cts. to $1.50. All new designs. Nice assortment of Gents' mufflers at very low prices.
Bargains in Towels. 1 lot of Fancy Towels at 8 cts., worth 12½. 1 lot of Fancy all linen extra size at 10, 11½ and 15, fully worth 20 cts. The best bargain of all, 50 doz. extra large size, fancy bordered, netted fringe at only 25 cts., fully worth 50 cts.
Holiday Novelties. Glove Boxes, Work Boxes, Shaving Sets, Hand Mirrors, Toilet Sets, Cuff Boxes, Brush Cases, Tidies, Table Covers, Pillow Shams, all at very low prices.
Bargains in Dress Goods. 1000 yards of all wool Novelty Dress Goods, full 1¼ yds. wide, at only 62½ cts. Worth from 87 to $1.50, and all of our other Dress Goods marked down in the same proportion.
Cloaks, Cloaking and Shawls and Skirts marked down fully 33⅓ per cent. to clean up the stock in the next two weeks.
Print Department. All of our best Prints in Indigo Blues, Pinks, Buffs and all Fancy Dress styles, to be sold at the low price of 5 cts. through this sale.
Bargains in Ginghams. 1 lot at only 6¼ cents, worth 10. 1 lot at only 8 cts. fully worth 12½.
Ladies' Gents' and Misses' underwear of all kinds marked down 25 per cent. to clean up stock in the next 2 weeks as much as possible. Be sure and see our 35 cts. Ladies' Undervest for it is a bargain never sold less than 50 cts.
Blanket Department. 1 lot of Colored Blankets at only 60 cts., worth double the money. 1 lot of White and Colored Blankets at only $1.00 per pair, very cheap. 100 prs. of White and Colored Blankets, extra large size, from $1.50 to $3.00 pr. Fully 25 per cent. less than market price.
Extra Bargains in Horse Blankets through this sale.
Fur Department. Ladies' Muffs and Collars less than half price to clean up stock.
Ladies' Hoods at bargains for the next two weeks.
Hamburg edges, Laces, Corsets, Gloves and Hosiery all marked down. All marked down to clear up stock as much as possible in the next two weeks.

Be sure and visit this Great Sale, for it will interest Everybody as the prices are exceedingly low. Please remember we always have what we advertise, and plenty of it. Everything warranted as represented or money refunded. Remember this Great Bargain Sale is at
BRACKETT'S BRANCH, OPP. ELM HOUSE, NORWAY.

TOGUS
GUARANTEE.
After taking three-fourths of a bottle if relief is not obtained, return the bottle with your name attached, and the money will be refunded.
Price 10 and 25 cents.
COUGH MIXTURE
Bowditch, Webster & Co., Proprietors,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.
☞Sold by all Dealers.



THE BOSTON HERALD.
THE LEADING NEWSPAPER.
Largest Bona Fide Circulation of any paper in New England.
ALL THE LATEST NEWS.

IMPERIALS ALL THE RAGE!
We have started and are to keep going. The most artistic pictures ever made in the county, and equal to any work in New England.
Imperial is the name of the size, but Imperial also means
Artistic Lighting of the Subject!
and in this lead over all. Only think of it, $20.00 Photos for $5.00 per dozen, size 8 by 10 inches.
Come to Norway
and examine this work. Only a few weeks longer at those prices.
CABINETS, $3.00 per Dozen!
☞Call at our Studio, Cottage Street, Norway.
NEW SPECIMENS EVERY WEEK IN P. O.
SWAN & COBB, the Photographers
OF NORWAY, ME.

SEASONABLE GOODS.
Ice Cream Freezers,
Water Coolers,
Refrigerators,
Garden Tools,
Fly Screens,
Mosqueto Bars,
Lawn Mowers,
Flower Seeds and
Warm Weather Supplies!
Of every description, for sale by
CHAS. G. MASON,
133 Main Street, - - - Norway, Me.,
IN THEIR APPROPRIATE SEASON.
But at the present time he makes a specialty of
Cooking and Heating Stoves, Ranges,
Hanging Lamps, Parlor and Invalid Lamps, Silver Plated Sets and Ornamental Table Ware, Ammunition and Sporting Goods, Builders' and Mechanics' Hardware, Table and Pocket Cutlery, Kitchen Furniture and Culinary Requisitis.
☞No trouble to show goods—no charge to answer questions. Goods and Prices speak for themselves!
Mason's Hardware Emporium,
133 Main Street, - - - - - Norway, Me.

MARK DOWN!
On Monday December 20th,
We shall mark down all Garments left in our Stock.
Here is a rare chance to buy a CHRISTMAS PRESENT for a lady or child, as we still have a good assortment of new and stylish Wraps, and Jackets.
S. B. & Z. S. PRINCE,
116 Main Street, - - Norway, Me.

Oxford County Advertiser.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1886.

NORWAY AND VICINITY.

Gold rings at Hill's, the new Jeweler.*
Sleds and baby sleighs at Crockett's.*
Mont Hollis has moved here from West Sumner.
Holiday goods at C. N. Tub
Minnie Ackerly of Gorham in town.
Don't forget the handkerch
S. B. & Z. S. Prince's.
Perfume of all kinds. Perf
Smoking sets at Crockett's.
Charles L. Cummings is dr
Dunham's meat cart.
Finest display of useful
town at Crockett's.
A. E. Morrison's little son very sick.
Hooks for any body at Croc
John Bumpus is very sick.
Toys, sleds and baby sleighs
Drug Store.
L. R. Hall is visiting at Ga
Bangor.
Millinery is very low at Mr
to close out winter stock.
Beautiful cups and saucers
tached humanity at S. L. Croc
Collars, cuffs, shirts, neck-ti
variety at Huntington & Co's.
D. A. Cummings of Alban
town Monday.
All the popular brands of ch
smoking tobacco at Nevers'.
Annie Parker is teaching the
school.
Don't buy this paper down ti
read Hill's ad.
Mrs. Mary Bartlett has been
Story books, cards and toil
Crockett's Drug Store.
A. D. True has been on the s
the past few days.
You will find bargains in ho
derwear and gloves at Mrs. Moe
Swan & Cobb, the leading
pher.
A full line of bath towels,
chiefs, napkins, etc., at C. N. T
Mr. and Mrs. Stiles of Wes
have been in town careing for
Albert, who has been very sick
Sittings made on or before
will be finished for Christmas
Cobb's.
Pomona Grange meeting at N
second Tuesday in January, I
first as reported last week.
Brooks & Buck still continue
pounds of standard granulated
$1.00, 7½ pounds for 50 cts. Of
Horace Sanborn and brother,
David Sanborn, have moved
City, Washington Territory, to
Read Webb & Wakefield's
advertisement in this issue.
We understand Eddie Rich
the fish business heretofore con
J. S. Holt.
Swan & Cobb will exhibit so
in the post-office Saturday, w
excell all their past work.
Mufflers at Huntington & Co
50 cents to $2 apiece. Just the
a present.
J. H. Cotton recently kill
months old hog that weighed 45
Nat Frost slaughtered one that
530 pounds. The age of Mr. Fr
we did not learn.
A large line of silk handkerchi
bags, fur sets, tidies and table
Whitcomb & Swiley's.
Otis Jones and family, who h
visiting Mrs. Jones' sister,
Frost, returned to Boston las
Mr. Jones' family spend a po
every summer in our village.
Visit Old St. Nicholas at S.
ett's and see what he has in
amuse and instruct old and youn
Mrs. Simeon Drake has gone t
chusetts, where she will spend C
She will visit at North Weyme
Manchester-by-the-Sea.
Studio of Swan & Cobb will
Christmas day, and all sittings
fore the 28th will be finished Ne
Eve.
For Holiday candies go to I
Buck's where you can buy mixe
for 15 cents per pound, two pou
quarter.
A Chicago clergyman asks:
man be a Christian and at the sa
a successful business man?" H
he advertises largely. C. G. Mason
way Hardware Emporium.
Call at Swan & Cobb's Stud
order for one dozen Imperial
sent it to your friend.
Rev. Caroline E. Angell p
excellent sermon from Luke x
24th verses last Sunday after
good audience.
If you want an ice cream ch
to Brooks & Buck's, who keep
of confectionary.
A number of our people we
of attending the Henry M. S
ture at Portland. He has, hov
celled his lecture engagements
for Europe Wednesday, by reg
King of the Belgians.
S. B. & Z. S. Prince are
beautiful line of silk umbre
with handles of natural wo
with gold and silver mountin
one of these no lady will be
brave even Norway storms.
The Ladies' Universalist
meet at Concert Hall Tuesday
and evening of next week. W
ladies in the afternoon, promei
evening. All are invited.
Sweet and sour milk for sa
ers' Dining Rooms. Also oys
ers, figs and candies.
Mrs. M. E. Woodsum has be
ton this week buying lots of ge
and see presents to be given a
ad. next week.
Young men, go to Hill's, the
eler, and purchase your sweet
ter or mother a present.
Royall Caldwell's horse die
disease while being driven h
evening.
Call at Webb & Wakefield'
their fine display of neck-wear
etc.
S. S. Packard says he has fi
house on Paris Street and nov
tenements in it ready to occu
$8.00 per tenement. See ad.
For portraits executed in the
of the art of photography ca
Libby's on Deering street.
and lowest prices. See ad.
David Smiley has commence
late in stocks. He recently
share in the Norway Branch
giving therefor one silk han
value, $1.00
If you want a good custom
select pattern and leave your
J. F. Huntington & Co.'s, Nort
Capt. W. A. Ripley, sole lea
at the new shoe shop, cut off
finger of his left hand last Fri
noon. The Captain is doing w
be expected. He has operated
ter a number of years and this
accident.
Robes of all kinds at C. S.
Buy one and make a presen
friend. Best robes and lowest
Tucker's.
Band Concert and Ball at No
next Friday evening, the 24th.
ers. The Boys want to realize
above expenses, so as to liqui
obligations incurred in the Ban
ment last August.
Lockets at Hill's, the new Je
Cloak lost. See ad.
George Pendexter of North
visiting at the Noyes' Drug sto
Full line of ready-made cloth
caps, etc., at J. F. Huntington
The case of the vs. Marshall
complaint of Lucy F. McKee
leged assault and battery was
fore Justice Whitman Tuesday,
S. Kimball appeared for the
Hon. H. M. Bearce of Bearce
for the defence. Decision rese
next term of the municipal cou
There is just an elegant line
goods at Noyes' Drug Store
and more of them, too, than
before collected together in any
in this part of the State. It is
one's time to examine this ima
tention before even thinking of
present. Additions to this stoc
made daily.
Branch Studios of Swan &
opened personally about the second
byits use.
William Foye of East Sumner, has re-
ceived an increase of pension.

Heavy ulsters at Webb & Wakefield's.*
Notice Hill's, the Jeweler's ad. *
Visit Nevers' and bring the children when looking for holiday presents. *
Jewelry at Hill's, the new Jeweler. *
School children's book cases at Crockett's. Norway. *
W. H. Benson of Arizona Territory, son of W. S. Benson of this village, has presented to the Public Library a book

SOUTH PARIS.

The village High School closed last week.
Charles Prescott now has a flange plough attachment to his hand-car.
A covered way from the paint shop to the carpenter's shop has been added to the Paris Manufacturing Company's buildings; also one from the saw-mill to the steam-rooms

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or my leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of

C. S. CUMMINGS'
HAS THE LARGST AMOUNT
—o-OF-o—
GRAND DISPLAY!
—OF—

Christmas Extra.

The Heart, with Peace and Love attune, glads with the note of Christmas Chime.—Chillaber.

SONG OF CHRISTMAS.

Sound over all waters, reach out from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands;
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born.
With glad jubilations
Bring hope to the nations!
The dark night is ending and dawn is begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.
Sing the bridal of nations with chorals of love,
Sing out the war vultures and sing in the dove,
Till the hearts of the people keep time in accord,
And the voice of the world is the voice of the Lord!
Clasp hands of the nations
In strong gratulations;
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun,
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.
Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace,
East, west, north and south let the long quarrel cease;
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and good-will to man.
Hark! joining in chorus
The heavens bend o'er us;
The dark night is ending and day has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.
—*John G. Whittier.*

BLESS THE STOCKINGS.

"God bless the little stockings
All over the land to-night,
Hung in the choicest corners,
In the glow of crimson light.

"The tiny scarlet stocking,
With a hole in heel and toe,
Worn by wonderful journeys
The darlings have to go."

LOVE CONQUERS ALL.

A Christmas Time Story.

BY GEORGE W. ROWS.

MORNING.

Nestled among the Berkshire Hills is the quaint little village of Lenox. Old Greylock, with its scarred sides of granite, looks down upon the little settlement as much as to say: "You are a very small affair, you village down below, but old Greylock is here to look after and protect and keep the wicked storms of the world away from you." There was such a contrast between the rugged mountain sides and the quiet, peaceful streets of Lenox during the summer months, that many visitors came from the great city to enjoy its tranquility and revel in the mountain walks its vicinity afforded.

There is something very charming in these New England villages. Lenox, Stockbridge, Pittsfield and the rest, with their rows of stately elms arching the principal streets like the arborescent roof of a cathedral as it were. Peeping from out the hedges at the side amid a glory of hollyhocks and chrysanthemums, you catch a glimpse of neat and primly adorned residences, and, during the summer time, the merry laughter of the tennis or croquet players is wafted pleasantly and musically upon the breeze. There is an atmosphere of healthfulness and invigoration in it all. You do not find the *dolce far niente* of the Florida glades, but there is a peacefulness, an air of primitiveness and systematic hygiene which has its own peculiar charm that, although it may savor somewhat of Puritanism, is more like the picturesque Puritanism George Boughton paints than that which fanatic old Cotton Mather practiced.

Amid these peaceful surroundings dwelt Guy Trevor and Alice Bladen. No wonder she loved him. Of commanding figure, with dark brown hair that fell luxuriantly over his shoulders, a clean shaven face and restless gray eyes that flashed feverishly from their sockets, he was a man whose presence alone would win the heart of woman. But to these personal attractions he added the charm of a mind, rich in learning and wealthy in the power of appreciation of all that was good or beautiful in man or woman. He was a close student, a tireless reader of books, and the pallor of his face showed how often he had burned the midnight oil. His temperament was nervously sensitive. He was quick to be gratified by a compliment and would become despondent even at a rebuff. From the time, as a boy, he had worked with his father in the fields, his one ambition in life had been to enter the ministry. For this he had striven and toiled. He believed that his mission in life was to carry "glad tidings of great joy" to the people. He felt that he had something to say to them—something beyond what they were told by the good old village parson, who droned out platitudinous homilies on Sunday and put the people to sleep. He felt that the gospel might be preached so that it would not be dogmatic, but would appeal to the throbbing, lingering heart of humanity, which craved for something more than the Dead Sea fruit of conventionality. His nature was fresh, vigorous buoyant; his ideas original, and he wished to bring this freshness, vigor, buoyancy and originality into the pulpit, where it might better his fellow-men. He was an enthusiast, and his enthusiasm carried all before it.

How closely he studied, how, in his little attic room in the old farm-house, after the day's work was done, he would read far into the night, only to be roused by his father at the kind mother who loved him fondly. As he grew to manhood he was the admiration of the girls and the envy of the boys of the village, while the strangers who came to Lenox to pass the summer months were always glad of an opportunity to talk with the earnest, yet thoughtful farmer-student, as they loved to call him. By-and-bye he went to college; and then, one proud, glorious day of days, he was ordained minister of the Gospel. His trials were ended, his hours of probation passed, and he stood among the world's workers to the higher life.

Alice Bladen was the direct opposite of Guy. She was a perfect blonde, with long golden ringlets rippling over her shoulders, and with blue eyes that might be violet at times, but which showed the possession of a temper which boded ill for those who crossed her. "The village belle, she was gay, almost flippant, in her conversation, and there were those who wondered how the thoughtful young minister could have chosen for his wife one whose old character and sentiments were so different from his. Perhaps it was the animality of the woman that attracted him, for high-strung, sensitive natures, such as his, are very often conquered by the personality of a woman who has beauty of form and face, rather than beauty of mind.

Be this as it may, Guy and Alice were engaged, and the love between them appeared to be genuine.

The Sunday had arrived when Guy Trevor was to preach his first sermon in the little village church. It was a glorious day. Old Greylock was bathed in sunshine and seemed to smile approval of what was in progress. The sunshine glinted through the elm trees and brought out in radiant colors the bright dresses of the villagers and the city guests. Off in the fields the cattle lowed peacefully, insects droned lazily on the August air, bells tinkled from the church steeples, and over all was the air of peace and restfulness of a true New England Sabbath. Guy and Alice walked to church together, arm in arm.

"Dear Guy," she said, looking up into his face and pressing his arm against her breast, "how proud I am of you to-day. You look so noble and so handsome, and I am sure your sermon will be a great success."

"Wait, little one. Wait until it is all over. I know that I will have one attentive listener, and I shall preach directly to her. Give me the encouragement of your smile, Alice, dear, and I do not fear for the rest."

"The encouragement of my smile. The encouragement of my whole heart, Guy, and after that the encouragement of a lifetime that shall be devoted to you through good and evil report."

"Will you always remember these words, Alice, in the days to come? Will you always think of me as you do to-day—always stand by me, whatever the world may say and however I may be misrepresented."

"Always." And as she spoke she looked full in his face with those blue eyes of hers, and he saw in them the violet color which always came when her heart was full of love.

The church was crowded. Guy took for the subject of his discourse "Love and Charity." He showed how the love of God pardoned the sins of man, and men should be charitable toward each other, overlooking faults and condoning offenses. He told his hearers how without love the world would be desolate and how charity makes life sweeter, holier and happier. He spoke to his hearers in a bold, manly, straightforward manner, which might not have been altogether orthodox, but was very humane, and they listened more attentively than they had ever listened before. "In conclusion, my dear friends," he said, "let us all remember and take to heart the words of the Master, 'Judge not, lest ye be judged.' It is not for us to sit in judgment on our fellowmen. None of us are without sin. Let us all, then, work steadfastly, loyally and sincerely to lift up each other. 'Accursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth,' says the poet. Let us search for the living truth, and in the search buckle on the armor of love and charity, remembering, always, that love conquers all, and, with charity, is invincible."

There was a buzz among the congregation as he concluded, and as he came out of the church door many old friends and their city guests remained behind to congratulate him. But he sought out Alice. He had observed during the sermon that her face glowed with pleasure, and, as he drew her arm within his, he felt in it a tremor which told him how he had moved her heart, and how much closer he had drawn her to him.

That night as they sat together in the gloaming and saw the great harvest moon come up over the hilltops, Guy pressed her hand, and, imprinting a kiss upon her lips, said:

"Good news, dearest. There was a deacon from one of the Boston churches at this morning's service, and this afternoon he came to me with an offer to preach in the Hub's city. I have accepted, and will leave here in a fortnight. The salary is ample, and at Christmas time I shall come back to claim my bonnie bride and take her to a cheerful home."

"Oh, Guy, must you go so soon?" she cried, half in tears.

"Yes, sweetheart. It is for your sake I go. To win you a home and make a reputation of which you shall be proud. And then in the autumn, when I am established and together you and I will journey through life hand in hand, I want you to promise always to remember——"

"What?"

"That love conquers all, and, with charity, is invincible."

NOON.

Ten years had passed. It was the height of the season in New York. Society had never been gayer. Balls, parties, cotillions, claimed the night, and in the afternoon there were high teas and kettledrums to demand the attention of the fashionable world. It was just before a great financial crash, and the people who were precipitating it danced over their wine-glasses, as Nero fiddled while Rome burned. No extravagance was too great, no form of entertainment too grand for these Sybarites who could only find surcease from anxiety in the feverish excitement of the ballroom or the theatre.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Trevor were among the elect of the gay. No party was complete without them, no cotillion was considered of any account unless it was led by Guy Trevor. He was a rich banker, courted, feted, caressed. His mandates ruled Wall Street, and by the closing or shutting of his hand he could control stocks to make the fortunes of men or ruin them. As her husband ruled the street, so did Mrs. Trevor rule society. She was its acknowledged queen. The men raved about and the women envied this Boston beauty who had come among them and by her grace and wit, as well as her beauty, enthralled all hearts. It was a different life from that quiet one at dear old Lenox, where the young minister and his promised bride were so happy. Guy still retained all his love for his beautiful wife, but the inexorable demands of business kept him from her during the day, and society had so many claims upon her that it was only as they rode home together in their carriage from some ball or theatre party that there was any opportunity for an exchange of thoughts or sentiments between them.

And how had all this come about? Simply because Guy Trevor, the preacher, was in advance of the times in which he lived. His ideas were too broad, too liberal, too advanced. His people were willing to go with him certain lengths, but they demanded a certain mediocrum of orthodoxy, and this he either could not, or would not give them. One day, during his Boston ministry, he came to New York and from mere curiosity visited Wallstreet and was led into the Stock Exchange by a friend. He saw the seething, surging mass of men below, as he stood in the visitors' gallery, and the boiling cauldron of humanity seemed to put fresh blood in his veins which went coursing through them like liquid fire.

"Here is my future," he murmured half aloud, "here are restless, tireless souls against which I might put mine in competition and conquer them. What is my puny preaching compared to this? Here is life, vigor, ambition. Here the best man wins. In the pulpit I speak to sleepy drones who do not understand or appreciate me. Here, there is everything to live for. There, nothing. He had become mad with the spirit of speculation.

For Guy Trevor to think was to act. Before the end of the month he had relinquished his Boston pastorate and removed to apartments in New York. He doffed his clerical suit and went down to Wall street as jauntily dressed as any dandy in the city. At first his speculations were unfortunate, for he was, as yet, unacquainted with the methods of the street, but he was persistent, and reckless, too. He soon came to be known as the wild Boston speculator. But there was method in his apparent madness. Little by little every stock he touched rose. By-and-bye he drove down to the street in his own carriage. One day he cleared $100,000 in a single operation in Central Pacific. That settled it. The brokers no longer laughed at, they crowded around him for advice and patronage, and before the end of the year Guy Trevor was one of the richest men in Wall street, with a fortune that was constantly increasing. The door of every fashionable house was open to him and his beautiful wife, and the Union Club welcomed him with open arms. The world was at his feet, and he was determined that it should stay there.

Sometimes, after an eventful day in the street, he would return home weary and anxious for rest, and then a thought of the peaceful old days would come over him, and he longed once more to be the simple farmer boy at Lenox, sitting in his little attic room and reading the books he then loved so well. But he would brush these thoughts away, and when his wife, looking almost regal in her rich attire, entered the drawing-room he was always ready to accompany her to whatever entertainment the evening offered. And worst of all, there was a certain feeling of constraint springing up between the two. Alice's nature was of a coarser fibre than his, and all this success and flattery had been too much for her. She sought his society less and less, and devoted most of her time to the giddy companions by whom she was surrounded. Not only this, but she had watched with jealous eyes his devotion to a certain Mrs. Edith Curzon, an English widow, beautiful like herself, who almost shared with her the honors of their social circle. Not unfrequently had she charged him with infidelity; but he would laugh at her, tell her that some day she should know all, and then change the subject.

It was Christmas Eve. There was a grand party at the Trevor mansion. The great house was brilliantly illuminated from garret to basement. Graceful vines of smilax, with sweet-smelling roses, were entwined around the ballustrades of the oaken staircase, and hung pendant over the doorways. In the dining-rooms, the bright, red berries of the holly, with their shiny leaves of dark green, stood out in contrast to the pale white of the camelias, and mistletoe boughs were suspended from the chandeliers. From the cool recesses of the conservatory came the sound of music, and the plashing of water from a marble fountain. It was the social event of the season and all New York society was there to do honor to the wealthy banker and his wife. Diamonds dazzled the eye, rich colors and the sensuous odor of flowers gratified the senses.

Gayest among the gay and prominent among the beauties of the ballroom was Mrs. Edith Curzon. She was arrayed in a suit of white lavender satin, over which were festoon folds of rich Honiton lace. Around her throat was clasped a necklace of diamonds, and nestling in her white bosom rested a bouquet of simple violets, which almost blushed to be in such sweet company. Guy Trevor was assiduous in his attentions to her. With her he danced the opening quadrille, and almost every waltz found her his partner. He seemed to be reckless of what the world might say, and violated the proprieties so much that the social lies stared, some snickered, and Mrs. Trevor was furious. By-and-by, Guy and Mrs. Curzon were missed from the ballrooms and there came into the blue eyes of Alice Trevor a cold, steely expression which spoke of trouble. By-and-by she, too, was missed, and not long after angry voices were heard proceeding from the conservatory.

This is what had happened: Heated and fatigued from the dance, Guy and Edith had sought the coolness of the conservatory, whither a servant had brought an ice for the lady. Hidden by the branches of a large cactus, they were seated together talking earnestly, and when Alice Trevor entered, unobserved, these were the words she heard spoken by her husband:

"Dear Edith, we cannot keep our secret much longer. I know, I feel that my wife is suspicious, and I fear that she has unkindly thoughts of you."

"But why should she, Guy, dearest? There is no harm in your loving me, and I want you to promise me, like a dear, good fellow, that you will call at my house to-morrow. You know we have so much to arrange before we go."

"He shall not stir!"

The words were hissed into Edith's ear, and, as she turned, she saw Alice Trevor standing before her, livid with rage and trembling with passion.

"So, Mr. Guy Trevor," continued Alice turning to her husband, "this is the secret you have been keeping from me these many weeks! This is the innocent Mrs. Curzon, who, not content with trifling with the hearts of single men, must come to take a husband from his wife! Shame! Shame on you both!"

"Oh, Edith, can you ever forgive me?" cried Alice, impulsively rising to her feet. For answer Edith held open her arms and uttered the word:

"Sister!"

The two women stood in a close embrace and their tears mingled. Then there was a movement in the bed and, turning, they saw that a sudden change had come over Guy's face. There was a blue rim around his mouth and an expression of tender thankfulness in his eyes. They were by his side in a moment.

"Closer, Alice, Edith," he murmured with difficulty. "I am happy—oh, so happy—now! There is nothing to keep me here; but you will both think of me and pray for me as I was before this feverish life came over me. It is getting so dark. I cannot see you. Is that you, Alice?"

"Yes, sweetheart, here by your side, holding your hand and looking into your dear face," she answered between her tears.

"Alice, darling, ever remember that first sermon at dear old Lenox, and the promise you made me?"

"Yes, Guy, my husband, and God forgive me, I have broken it."

"But now, Alice, now," and here his voice grew fainter, "Love conquers all, and, with charity, is invincible."

* * * * * * * * *

Perhaps that Christmas morning, as the angel sang the grand old choral of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men," the soul that had sped from the weak and weary frame of Guy Trevor joined in the throng.

CHRISTMAS, 1886.

Lo! where yon eastern star with glimmering ray
Salutes with silvery light the natal morn,
When He who died for human-kind was born,
And angel voices greet the glorious day.

Ring out sweet bells! let every heart rejoice,
That once in Bethlehem a child was given;
Let each glad soul admit a beam from Heaven,
And praise ascend from every tuneful voice.

"Good will to men;" sweet charity come forth;
Spread out the board, give freely of thy store—
To him, thy brother, who stands shivering at the door,
For rags may hide a heart of modest worth.

Remember Him, our Saviour, Lord and King,
Who for our sins ascended from the dead;
He had not where on earth to lay his head,
While riches revelled in a glittering ring.

Fair childhood, too, He loved its guileless glee;
Oh! may no child this day with cheerless heart,
See gifts to other happy homes depart,
And find no toy upon its Christmas tree.

No more attend the joyous holly time,
To wild misrule, the head of lordly boar;
The wassail-bowl, the revels held of yore,
All, all are gone to fill the minstrel's rhyme.

Yet still we hail this day of all the year—
Loved Christmas, dear to memories sweet and sad;
Let song and dance awake the echoes glad,
And every home enjoy its goodly cheer.

OLD CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen."

I.

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day,
To save us all from Evil's power
When we had gone astray.
Glad tidings, glad tidings,
For all that are astray,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day.

II.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood,
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth efface.
Glad tidings, glad tidings!
For all that are astray;
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day.

The Merry Christmas Time.

Here is what an old misanthrope says of Christmas. In the olden time he would have been ducked under the Square pump. The papers are full of gush over the merry Christmas season. I think there is a good deal of humbug about Christmas. It don't do to say so, but as this is a free country there can be no harm in my thinking so. I sympathize with old Scrooge. The head of that much maligned ancient old gentleman was level up to the time he met the ghost of his late partner. The system of present giving is about as idiotic a custom as ever was invented. You give somebody something he don't want, and then get from him something you don't want. How much more sensible it would be for you to buy something for yourself that you want and let him do the same. Present giving is only excusable when the receivers are children who can only pay you back in kisses. Then it is a delight to both giver and receiver. It is certainly in that case more blessed to give to them than to receive a present from some one of your own size. Present giving is a relic of the detestable system of tipping. It is an Old World custom that should never have been transplanted to the free soil of America. If you give a present and expect no return, you place the recipient on the same level as a pauper; if you get a return, then you merely swap goods with him without the excitement of dickering, and the chances are you both think you ought to have a boot.

Creating an Impression.

Jinks—"What in the world are you wrapping up those old odds and ends of papers, chips and other miscellaneous trash for? If you want to throw it out don't waste that sheet of clean brown paper on it."

Blinks—"But I don't want to throw it out."

Jinks—"Then what under the sun do you think of doing with it?"

Blinks—"You know this is Christmas time, and you also know that I have not a cent to my name."

Jinks—"Alas, too well!"

Blinks—"Very well. Every night for two weeks I have taken pains to pass my grocer's with my arms full of just such nicely wrapped packages as this. He thinks they are Christmas presents and never says a word about expecting me to settle up. Oh, Christmas is a great invention, I tell you."—*Philadelphia Call.*

The Time to be Happy.

We can always find something to be happy about at this time if we try to make others so. Alice Cary said: "How blessed 'tis to give, and they who think of others most are the happiest folks that live." Christmas is the children's happiest time of the year, and their faith in "Santa Claus" is unbounded. If you know of any whom he does not visit, remember that "the poor man's child learns early just what it means to be poor," and act the part of "Santa Claus" yourself.

THE YULE FEAST,

so universally celebrated in England at Christmas time, is borrowed from the Roman Emperors, or from the Celts or Germans of more than two thousand years ago.

Nowadays the man with bundles is happy. It is only about Christmas that the male creature can carry a bundle and a smile together.

OODS!
ALE
ODS!
AT
E, NORWAY.
nts. Goods use-
liday Gifts. All
the next two
another season.
GREAT SALE.
est for it is a bargain never
n 50 cts.
epartment. 1 lot of Colored
only 60 cts., worth double
1 lot of White and Colored
only $1.00 per pair, very
prs. of White and Colored
tra large size, from $1.50 to
ully 25 per cent. less than
rgains in Horse Blankets
sale.
rtment. Ladies' Muffs and
than half price to clean up
ods at bargains for the next
edges, Laces, Corsets.
Hosiery all marked down.
down to clear up stock as
sible in the next two weeks.
nterest Every-
member we al-
erything war-
ber this Great
E, NORWAY.
GOODS.

Bars,
lowers,
er Seeds and
Supplies!
for sale by
ASON,
- Norway, Me.,
TE SEASON,
s a specialty of
toves, Ranges,
aps, Silver Plated Sets
on and Sporting Goods,
e and Pocket Cutlery,
s.
rge to answer questions.
mporium,
- Norway, Me.
WN!—
mber 20th,
wn all Gar-
k.
nce to buy
SENT for a
still have a
ew and styl-
ts.

LOST A lady's cloak between Norway Village and the farm of Roswell Frost. The finder will confer a favor by leaving the cloak at J. W. Everett's meat market.

Studs, and Cuff Buttons in gold and Plate for Gents.
HORACE COLE, Jeweler,
Norway, Me.
50tf

and see if we cannot back up all we say. Yours truly,
A. C. GREENE & CO.

NEW SPECIMENS EVERY WEEK IN P. O.
SWAN & COBB, the Photographers
OF NORWAY, ME.

S. B. & Z. S. PRINCE,
116 Main Street, - - Norway, Me.

Oxford County Advertiser.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1886.

NORWAY AND VICINITY.

Gold rings at Hill's, the new Jeweler.*
Sleds and baby sleighs at Crockett's.*
Mont Hollis has moved here from West Sumner.
Holiday goods at C. N. Tub
Minnie Ackerly of Gorham in town.
Don't forget the handkerch S. B. & Z. S. Prince's.
Perfume of all kinds. Perf
Smoking sets at Crockett's.
Charles L. Cummings is dr Dunham's meat cart.
Finest display of useful town at Crockett's.
A. E. Morrison's little son very sick.
Books for any body at Croc
John Bumpus is very sick.
Toys, sleds and baby sleighs Drug Store.
L. R. Hall is visiting at Ga Bangor.
Millinery is very low at Mr to close out winter stock.
Beautiful cups and saucers tached humanity at S. L. Crock
Collars, cuffs, shirts, neck-ti variety at Huntington & Co's.
D. A. Cummings of Alban town Monday.
All the popular brands of ch smoking tobacco at Nevers'.
Annie Parker is teaching the school.
Don't lay this paper down t read Hill's ad.
Mrs. Mary Bartlett has been Story books, cards and toil Crockett's Drug Store.
A. D. True has been on the s the past few days.
You will find bargains in ho derwear and gloves at Mrs. Moo
Swan & Cobb, the leading pher.
A full line of bath towels, chiefs, napkins, etc., at C. N. T
Mr. and Mrs. Stiles of We have been in town careing for Albert, who has been very sick.
Sittings made on or before will be finished for Christmas Cobb's.
Pomona Grange meeting at N second Tuesday in January, first as reported last week.
Brooks & Buck still continue pounds of standard granulated 81.00, 7½ pounds for 50 cts. Of
Horace Sanborn and brother, David Sanborn, have moved City, Washington Territory, to
Read Webb & Wakefield's advertisement in this issue.
We understand Eddie Rich the fish business heretofore con J. S. Holt.
Swan & Cobb will exhibit so in the post-office Saturday, w excell all their rivals.
Mufflers at Huntington & Co 50 cents to $2 apiece. Just the a present.
J. H. Cotton recently kill months old hog that weighed 45 Nat Frost slaughtered one that 530 pounds. The age of Mr. Fr we did not learn.
A large line of silk handkerchi bags, fur sets, tidies and table Whitcomb & Smiley's.
Otis Jones and family, who h visiting Mrs. Jones' sister, Frost, returned to Boston las Mr. Jones' family spend a pe every summer in our village.
Visit Old St. Nicholas at S. B ett's and see what he has in amuse and instruct old and youn
Mrs. Simeon Drake has gone t chusetts, where she will spend C She will visit at North Weyma Manchester-by-the-Sea.
Studio of Swan & Cobb will Christmas day, and all sittings fore the 28th will be finished Ne Eve.
For Holiday candies go to B Buck's where you can buy mixe for 15 cents per pound, two pou quarter.
A Chicago clergyman asks: man be a Christian and at the sa a successful business man?" H be advertises largely. C. C. Mason Nor. Everett Vear succeeds his foreign way Hardware Emporium.
Call at Swan & Cobb's Studi order for one dozen Imperial sent it to your friend.
Rev. Caroline E. Angell p excellent sermon from Luke x 24th verses last Sunday after good audience.
If you want an ice cream ch to Brooks & Buck's, who keep of confectionary.
A number of our people we of attending the Henry M. S ture at Portland. He has, how celled his lecture engagements for Europe Wednesday, by req King of the Belegians.
S. B. & Z. S. Prince are beautiful line of silk mitts with handles of natural woo with gold and silver mountin one of these no lady will be brave even stormy days.
The Ladies' Universalist C meet at Concert Hall Tuesday and evening of next week. W ladies in the afternoon, promet evening. All are invited.
Sweet and sour milk for sa ers' Dining Rooms. Also oys ers, figs and dates.
Mrs. M. E. Woodsum has be ton this week buying lots of go and see presents to be given a ad. next week.
Young man, go to Hill's, the elect, and purchase your sweet ter or mother a present.
Royall Caldwell's horse died disease while being driven h evening.
Call at Webb & Wakefield's their fine display of neck-wear etc.
S. S. Packard says he has fi house on Paris Street and not tenements in it ready to occu $8.00 per tenement. See ad.
For portraits executed in the of the art of photography ca Libby's on Deering Street. I and lowest prices. See ad.
David Smiley has commence late in stocks. He recently share in the Norway Branch giving therefor one silk han value, $1.00
If you want a good custom select pattern and leave your n J. F. Huntington & Co.'s, Nor
Capt. W. A. Ripley, sole leat at the new shoe shop, cut off finger of the left hand last Fri noon. The Captain is doing we be expected. He has operated ter a number of years and this accident.
Robes of all kinds at C. S. Buy one and make a presen friend. Best robes and lowest Tucker's.
Band Concert and Ball at Nor next Friday evening, the 24th. ers. The Boys want to realize above expenses, so as to liqui obligations incurred in the Ban ment last August.
Lockets at Hill's, the new Je Cloak lost. See ad.
George Pendexter of North visiting at the Noyes' Drug sto
Full line of ready-made cloth caps, etc., at J. F. Huntington
The case of the vs. Marshall's complaint of Lucy F. McKee leged assault and battery was fore Judge Whitman Tuesday, S. Kimball appeared for the Hon. H. M. Bearce of Bearce for the defence. Decision rese next term of the municipal co
There is just an elegant line goods at Noyes' Drug Store and more of them, too, than before collected together in any in this part of the State. It is one's time to examine this lection before even thinking of presents. Additions to this sto
made daily.
anch Studios of Swan & opened personally about the second in January. Charles R. Swift is in the Norway Studio during their ce of two or three weeks.

Heavy ulsters at Webb & Wakefield's.*
Notice Hill's, the Jeweler's ad. *
Visit Nevers' and bring the children when looking for holiday presents. *
Jewelry at Hill's, the new Jeweler. *
School children's book cases at Crockett's, Norway. *
W. H. Benson of Arizona Territory, son of W. S. Benson of this village, has presented to the Public Library a book

SOUTH PARIS.

The village High School closed last week.
Charles Prescott now has a flange plough attachment to his hand-car.
A covered way from the paint shop to the carpenter's shop has been added to the Paris Manufacturing Company's buildings; also one from the saw-mill to the steam-rooms

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or my leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of

C. S. CUMMINGS'

HAS THE LARGST AMOUNT

—OF—

GRAND DISPLAY!

—OF—

GOODS!

SALE

GOODS!

AT

E, NORWAY.

nts. Goods use-
liday Gifts. All
the next two
another season.

GREAT SALE.

rest for it is a bargain never
n 50 cts.
epartment. 1 lot of Colored
only 60 cts., worth double
1 lot of White and Colored
only $1.00 per pair, very
prs. of White and Colored
xtra large size, from $1.50 to
ully 25 per cent. less than
s.
rgains in Horse Blankets
s sale.
rtment. Ladies' Muffs and
than half price to clean up
oods at bargains for the next
edges, Laces, Corsets.
Hosiery all marked down.
down to clear up stock as
sible in the next two weeks.

nterest Every-
member we al-
erything war-
ber this Great

E, NORWAY.

GOODS.

THE

Christmas Guest,

FOR THE

HOLIDAY SEASON

OF

1886-7.

"And so the good old Christmas comes again,
The merry Christmas of our vanished years,
With all its tender beauty and its mirth,
Its silent tears."—REBECCA CLYDE.

CHRISTMAS.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

My little child comes to my knee,
And tugging pleads that he may climb
Into my lap to hear me tell
The Christmas tale he loves so well—
A tale my mother told to me,
Beginning "Once upon a time."

It is a tale of skies that rang
With angel rhapsodies sublime;
Of that great host, serene and white,
The shepherds saw one winter night—
And of the glorious stars that sang
An anthem once upon a time.

This story of the hallowed years
Tells of the sacrifice sublime
Of one who prayed alone and wept
While his wearied followers slept—
And how his blood and Mary's tears
Commingled, once upon a time.

And now my darling at my side
And echoes of the distant chime
Bring that sweet story back to me—
Of Bethlehem and Calvary,
And of the gentle Christ that died
For sinners once upon a time.

The mighty deeds that men have told
In ponderous tomes of fluent rhyme;
Like misty shadows fade away;
But this sweet story bides for aye,
And, like the stars that sang of old,
We sing of "Once upon a time."

CHRISTMAS EVE.

"Think of the children who listen to-night
In delight that is mingled with fear,
For the twinkling feet of the reindeer team
As they travel o'er earth and thro' air.

"Think of the little folk trying to sleep,
While pulses are throbbing like mad,
With the merry frenzy of Christmas Eve—
Think of them all and be glad."

A Christmas Greeting.

Once more the air is vibrant with the music of the greatest, because the most universal, of holidays. Other days are held in honor by large masses of mankind; other days are set apart for patriotic commemoration, varying with various lands; other days, too, are held sacred throughout the Christian world—but Christmas day transcends them all in its universality, its all-pervading and fusing power, its splendid supremacy over all the lines of race, nation, creed or sect by which Christendom is divided and subdivided. We keep our Fourth of July, and each nation has some corresponding day dedicated to patriotic memories, but the thrill of such days can never overleap the boundary line of nationality. Easter is the feast day in the year which may fairly be coupled with Christmas as furnishing a common bond to Christian peoples, and yet it has not one tithe of the hold on the world at large, outside the fold of the historic church, which Christmas has established.

If, indeed, we have in this festival institution the promise and potency of that time when the nations of the earth shall form one family circle, bound together by the acknowledged tie of a common brotherhood, with one hope and one destiny, it is this Christmas festival, whose coming is already hailed with rejoicings, in which every nation, kindred, and tongue on which the name of Christ is held in reverence unites. In the onward sweep of time which is, we cannot doubt, destined to bring in the age of universal peace, the impulses and aspirations which centre in this festal season are certainly the dynamic forces. It is a happy omen for the race that as each year wanes to its close the twin spirits of cheerfulness and charity, bursting forth in a thousand and one forms of expression, should spread their benign wings over an ever-broadening area of human hearts and homes. So let us welcome their unfolding once again. The old year is passing away, as so many old years have passed before, and in the mellow light of the social pleasures that attend his departing days we view his death serenely, and bid him go,

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams,"

which we may weave into hopeful anticipations of the New Year that is to follow in his train.

How to Make a Christmas Cross.

Very pretty moss crosses can be made by following the directions below, with little trouble and expence. They are especially beautiful as Christmas decorations. Wreaths and stars can be arranged in the same manner. The frame, made of any kind of wood, no matter how rough, is twelve to fourteen inches high, and the length of the arms in proportion. Gather from the woods a large quantity of the soft, crinkly moss which clings to rocks in damp places, and carefully dry it in the sun for a few hours, then scrape off the loose earth neatly. Make a stiff paste of flour and water and spread it over the back of the moss and cover the entire cross. Paste a piece of scarlet flannel on the bottom end to keep the table from being scratched and to give a neater appearance to the work. While collecting the moss gather also other ornamental things, such as the little red cups and white cups mosses, the gray "mosses," and little twigs covered with lichens. The hanging moss called "old man's beard," is very pretty, and you will need yards of it. The bittersweet is another essential ornament. Tiny pressed autumn leaves and small ferns can be made of great service. When the moss cover is dry the cross is ready for decorating. Beginning at the base make a mound all around it of the little red and white cups; stand among these the little moss-covered twigs, also ferns, and a delicate variety of dried grasses. The body of the cross may be arranged according to taste, adding the different kinds of mosses and lichens which grow on rocks in various shapes and colors. A small vine that nature has gayly colored may be pressed and gracefully twined across the front. Add the bitter-sweet berries to help give brilliance. When the decorating is finished drape in a light graceful manner with the hanging moss. When completed this cross is a beautiful and appropriate emblem for Christmas.

The Merry Christmas Day.

Another Christmas is at hand. Let the bells ring out a joyful peal on Christmas morning, and again proclaim to the world the day on which the Christian nations celebrated the birth of the Redeemer of Mankind! As the years go by and Christmas after Christmas succeeds each other, the world pauses briefly to note another milestone on the great journey to eternity. These thoughts pass quickly, however, and to many the name of Christmas has only the sound of a festive season, when they give and receive gifts. To the toiling masses it means a brief holiday, when they lay aside the implements of their craft and snatch a short breathing spell before they again plunge into the vortex of labor where they spend their lives and give their strength for a mere subsistence, it may be. Christmas morning will dawn, as it dawned before, on rich and poor, on joy and sorrow, on high hopes and the gloom of despair. It will recall to many the shadows of former Christmas days, when the weary heart of to-day was joyous and free, without thought or care, and when friends and relations hastened to pour their gifts at the feet that now are weary and pain would rest, even to stepping on the threshold of eternity, and leave behind the sickening heart and that pain which is worse than death itself. The shadows will pass, and the ghosts of loved ones long laid beneath the sod will be conjured up for the nonce, and sit around the fireside in the bright glow of the yule log, or they will appear around the festive board, where wassail and good cheer abounds. They will join in the Christmas carol, and sport in the festive country dance, ending in the game of forfeits and the never to be omitted rites of the mistletoe. The picture will call up the old memories, and with them open the old wounds thought to have been long healed. The coming Christmas will have all these joys in reality, and people will be as happy in the present as many have been in the past. They will in their own way spend the day to their liking, and when it is o'er, it too will become a memory. According to the time of life, so will Christmas appear, and it would not be well otherwise. Childhood and youth, apart from the religious fervor which the season of Christmas invokes, is the period of life when there is a glow of splendor and enchantment about Christmas, which fades as the years go by. From the time when we used to hang up our stockings to let Santa Claus remember us to the end of life the old scenes will never be effaced from our memories. Christmas eve! Why, sleep was out of the question; there was so much to speculate upon; one had to keep watch—which we were determined to do at all hazards —for Santa Claus, just to make sure he was real. Not an eye would we close, not half an eye, and it was only when we awoke in the morning that we could believe that we had been asleep at all. What was most astonishing was that Santa Claus had really been in the house and had left goodness knows what. It took days really to comprehend what he had left, and it was not until next Christmas that the vision of the former Christmas eve faded out. Later on the belief in the personality of Santa Claus became less vivid, but there succeeded pleasures that were equally good and apparently more lasting. There were the holidays, the parties, the entertainments, and the days that we went skating and had no lessons for next day, and there were a thousand other pleasures. These, too, passed away, and a later period we had arrived at the very summit of life's pleasures, and finally, as it seemed then, we left our youthful days and settled soberly to the realities and duties of life. There were yet pleasures left, as there are to all ages if we only look for them aright, and Christmas brought its round of happy, social enjoyments. Then we had assumed the realities of parents and their responsibilities, and had to live again the days of our youth in the lives of our children. At last in old age we listen to the Christmas chimes and think, as we cannot help thinking, that they are drawing to a close on earth that will soon become deaf to the voices of time. Then the one great thought stands forth pre-eminent, alone, and clear as the sun at noonday, and we feel thankful from our heart of hearts that there is a day called Christmas, that there is a Christ who gave his name to the day, and that the Giver of the name is to be our eternal King. Let the bells ring out! Let relatives and friends gather from afar to meet at the family board! Let us bring up our memories of pleasures long forgotten, till like a lost chord found the key note of which is struck, it all comes back! Let friends and foes join alike in celebrating a Merrie Christmas! The storekeeper will display his most tempting wares, and the tables will groan with luxuries from all parts of the world. Peace prevails in our land, and although there is misery and want in the midst, and always will be, we will try to forget they exist, and will try to make those who are not so fortunate as ourselves forget their existence to. Let the bells ring out as the angels proclaimed centuries ago: "Peace and Good Will Towards Men!"

Two Hundred Years Ago.

One of the most interesting characters in the early history of New England is Judge Samuel Sewall, who played a very prominent part in the Massachusetts colony for many years, both before and after the beginning of the eighteenth century.

He was a grim old Puritan. His private diary shows him to have been sincerely and deeply religious, as he publicly professed to be, and truely penitent when he had given way to his very human passions. No better view of the inner life of a New England Puritan is afforded than can be obtained from the three portly volumes containing his diary, published by the Massachusetts Historical Society.

The Puritans did not believe in Christmas. It was one of the "Popish" institutions retained by the Church of England, but rejected by the Puritans with holy scorn. It is not surprising, therefore, to find Judge Sewall in a very confidential manner, and as the closing entry for the non-observance of the day in the little colony which was ruled by the sturdily pious but intolerant members of the Congregational churches.

"1685, Dec. 25, Friday. Carts come to Town and Shops open as usual. Some somewhat observe the day, but are vexed I believe that the Body of the People profane it, and blessed be God no authority yet to compell them to keep it. A great Snow fell last night, so this day and night very cold."

Such was the entry in Judge Sewall's diary precisely two hundred years ago. The next year he records that the "Governour" went to service in the town hall (Boston), attended by two "red-coats." This Governor was Sir Edmund Andros, who introduced the Church of England service into the colony. But for many years thereafter it was a very frequent entry in Sewall's diary, on Christmas Day, that the shops were open and carts came to town.

There is still no authority to "compell" the "Body of the People" to keep Christmas, but we may echo Judge Sewall's "blessed be God" —most of the people love to celebrate a day on the birthday of the Saviour of men, even if it be not the true birthday.

A Valued Gift.

An invalid who left his home in Virginia many years ago, to live in Southern California, received last Christmas a book with the title, "The Old Home," and found inside photographs of every room of the house so dear to his memory, down to the great kitchen, with its roaring fire and the gray-headed black ("aunty" and "uncle") beside it; the brook where he fished when he was a boy, and the woods where he gathered walnuts and chinquapins.

It was amateur work, done by a boy, but what picture by Raphael could have been so full of love and tenderness to him?

THREE CHRISTMAS EVES.

I.

He gave her a ring and a holly wreath,
On a Christmas Eve as the sun went down;
("Never was lover more true than I.")
The moon climbed into the frozen sky;
A great star shone in the darkening west;
A red fox, shivering, sought his nest;
The wild wind shouted and laughed with glee,
Though his breast was as cold as the Northern sea;
But the fire was bright, and hearts were light,
And frolic and feasting filled the night,
Till long rang the bells, the merry, merry bells,
For joy on Christmas morning.

II.

Christmas Eve, and a maiden's heart
Throbbed with pain as the sun went down;
A ship had sailed on a summer's day;
A wreck in the ocean's depths it lay;
Phantoms gathered about the door,
Weird were the shadows on wall and floor;
The wind sang a dirge in the chimney old
For the brave young lover whose heart was cold;
Sad were the eyes that watched the stars
Till dawn crept in at the window bars,
And loud rang the bells, the pitiless bells,
On a cheerless Christmas morning.

III.

Hearts were happy and eyes were bright
On a Christmas Eve, as the sun went down,
For the sea had given up its dead,
And the captain brave to his wife is wed,
Phantoms fled from the lighted hall;
There was only mirth in the night wind's call;
Warmth and fragrance and silken sheen;
Laughter rippled bright lips between;
Music and revelry filled the night
Till the stars had set and the east was bright;
Then loud rang the bells, the happy bells,
For joy on Christmas morning.

A Mother's Idea of Christmas.

As everybody likes to turn over a new leaf at the commencement of a new year, a good plan is to settle before Christmas all business that one does not care to carry into it. Debts ought to be paid first of all, money being acceptable to every one at that season. Letters ought to be answered and winter clothing put in perfect order. Garrets and closets should also be inspected, as many pieces of discarded apparel will be found that can be put up in bundles for the poor; and, besides being out of the way, will give pleasure and warmth to many persons who otherwise would be insufficiently clad for the winter. When all these preparations are completed one can enter the holidays with a feeling of rest and ease which can never be experienced with everything pell mell and in confusion. The social entertainments of the week can then be fully enjoyed. Our first duty on Christmas morning should be to attend church; it will be a comfort to both rich and poor. As during school days children have little leisure to indulge in amusements, the mother should do all she can to make them happy and joyous during the holiday vacations. Taking the little ones out to ride or to attend a matinee or a concert will fill them with delight and prove both recreative and instructive. Those happy moments will be remembered during many months and anticipated for future years. People in moderate circumstances need not necessarily give costly gifts to their children; any useful article of dress will be just as much appreciated, if they do not possess an abundance of clothes. My heart bleeds for the very poor mother who cannot even fill the stockings of her loved ones. Let all who are able spare what they can for the needy. A few pieces of cake, a few apples, or oranges, will prove a treat to the unfortunate children and brighten their little hearts. We mothers should never care for our own personal disappointments, but feel thankful to God if Christmas finds our family circle unbroken; with all our precious children by our side. So let all in our power so done to make that day one of unalloyed contentment for them, so that if God sees fit in His all-wise providence to transplant any of our darlings from our hearth stones to the Heavenly home above, we can be comforted with the remembrance that their last Christmas on earth was a happy one. The Christmas joys of my childhood still linger before me. The sparkling tree prepared by my devoted parents, covered and surrounded with toys and keepsakes for children and friends that assembled in our parlors that night. No one was forgotten. My brothers disguised as Santa Claus would generally come in with immense baskets, where, blindfolded, all had a grab. Later in the week a dinner for the poor always took place. A number of bags were made days beforehand, each one containing provisions and useful articles, for some fifty persons, who carried them home, showering blessings for their bountiful treat. Children can also do much to cheer parents' hearts. On Christmas day they can present them with some little token of their love—a book-mark, a bit of poetry; even an affectionate letter will bring a ray of sunshine to the most troubled. A pair of sweet little vases bought by my eldest daughter, with money saved for this object, and given me last Christmas day, were received with indescribable pleasure. I never see them without emotion.

Santa Claus Will Skip Him.

A farmer and his wife hitched their team in front of a Detroit grocery, the *Free Press* says, and went in to make some purchases. By and by they were seen whispering together in a very confidential manner, and as the woman gave him a handful of pennies, tied up in a rag, she was heard to say:

"Now, don't you forget! There's eighty cents, and that will get a twenty-cent present for each one of them."

He left the store with a fatherly smile on his face and started down town. Three long hours passed before his return and then a policeman had him by the arm.

"Does anyone know this man?" he asked, as he led him into the store.

"Yes; he's my husband," answered the woman.

"Choorse I'm yuze husband—chourse I am," mumbled the man who was "step high" drunk.

"Well, you take care of him," said the officer to the woman as he surrendered his charge.

"Did you get the presents for the children?" asked the wife as she took a package from his pocket.

"Shertingly, I did. Bless 'er little hearts—bless 'em!"

She opened the package, and there were twenty-four of the blackest, meanest looking cigars ever put on sale.

"Why, Samuel, what does this mean?" she exclaimed.

"Whaz 'er mean? Whaz 'er mean? Why them ish Chris'em presents for um blessed children!"

"They are! Why, you miserable old idiot, what do those children want of cigars?" screeched the wife.

"Whaz 'er want of 'em. Whaz 'er want of 'em? Why, 'er want 'em to put in papa's Chris'em stocking, of course!"

They loaded him into the wagon, and the woman took the lines and started for home, and as she turned the team around she said to the grocer:

"It's six miles home, and there are four cigars to the mile. I'll make him eat every one of them!"

In Holiday Time.

On a lonely stretch of the Jersey coast there lived, a few years ago, old Grandmother O——, with her unmarried daughter, Hetty. A few fishermen and farmers occupied the houses that stood at long intervals along the coast. Even in winter there were frequent merry-makings among the young people, and even the older folks. Hetty's compatriots had their tea-drinkings and quiltings; but grandmother, who was nearly eighty, had not left the chimney-corner for years. A few old women who had been her schoolmates in childhood still lived here and there in these farm-houses, but their journeyings, like her own, were only from the bed to the fireplace. They were so far removed from the present busy life about them that when they talked, as they did incessantly, of the companions and frolics and events of their youth, it sounded to the young people like the whispers of ghosts looking back into a world long since forgotten.

Hetty O——, coming home one day from a holiday merry-making, bethought her how sad and solitary her grandmother's life was.

"Why should she, too, not have a party," she said, "of her own companions? There shall not be a young woman among them. People at eighty need society and pleasure as well as at eighteen."

She carried out her idea. Seven of her old friends were invited to spend the afternoon. It was singular to see the excitement which the proposed party produced. The invited guests, who had been invited nowhere for years, forgot their aches and ailments, and were more eager and happy than children. Every family joined in preparing its especial "grandmother" for the festivity, and, as with every new idea, that is wholesome and sweet, everybody said, "Why did we never think of it before?"

The midwinter day arrived and proved to be sunny and clear, to the delight of the many dim, anxious eyes that watched for it.

A comfortable family carriage, with shawls draping it inside to keep out every draught, brought the guests at noon. There were eight feeble old women, whose lives had been passed near together, who had many interests in common, but who had not met for years.

You can imagine the keen delight of such a meeting! suddenly to pass out of the deathly life of old age into gay youth again, to be for one brief day, not "grandmother," tottering on the brink of the grave, but "Molly" or "Jenny" with those who are supposed to know how bright your eyes were and how rosy your cheeks, and to whom you will never grow old!

Hetty gave them two hours of talk together, and then brought them into a comfortable dinner. After it was over, they were seated, each in her arm-chair, around the great fire, and fell again to talking of old times.

"You had the best voice among us, Peggy," said Grandmother O——, to a feeble old woman of seventy. "Sing something."

She sang a hymn, and all the trembling, cracked voices joined in it.

An hour before sunset they prepared to go home.

"We shall never meet again, girls," said the oldest of the party. "I think we should be happier for the rest of our lives if we should pray together."

So the old friends, who were nearing the grave so fast, knelt side by side while they prayed in silence. Then they were driven safely home.

It was a simple matter, but it lighted up the dull, cold gloom of her last days for each of these poor souls with a loving, friendly cheer.

Is there any sad, solitary life fading out at your own hearth into which you can bring happiness?

A Rocky Mountain Christmas.

It is surprising to know of the possibilities of enjoyment there are on the dreary and desolate heights of the Rocky Mountains. The sturdy mountaineers are ever ready for a bit of fun, and are sure to make the most of their limited resources in this direction. "I happened to be in the very heart of the Rocky Mountains during the holiday season of 1881," writes a correspondent. "The little cabin in which I stayed was the only one I could see in the narrow, gloomy gulch, with great mountain walls rising high on either side.

"It was late in the afternoon of the day before Christmas when I arrived at the cabin, and immediately after supper my host said:

"'Me an' the gals an' the ole coman is goin' to some party doin's to-night, up to Bill Dixon's. Mebbe you'd like to jine us."

"'Well, I—I—hardly know.'

"'Oh, you'll go,' interrupted the 'ole coman.' 'It's goin' to be a reg'lar tearin' down time.'

"I wanted to go, but could not help saying—

"'But I haven't been invited.'

"'Invited!' sneered the old man, contemptuously. 'All the invite you need is to go an' bang on the door an' walk in. I'll introdooce you 'round. I reckon it'll be the biggest doin's ever held in this gulch.'

The 'gals' consisted of two girls about sixteen and eighteen years old. I am sorry that lack of space forbids a detailed description of their costumes, I did not suppose that the entire gulch contained such a quantity of artificial flowers, odds and ends of ribbon, jewelry and calico flounces as those two 'gals' wore.

"We walked three miles to Dixon's. His house consisted of a long, low cabin of brown logs, divided into two rooms. There was the 'sound of revelry' inside, undoubted, distinct revelry.

"Mrs. Dixon herself greeted us with a shout.

"'Here's Bob Dyer an' his folks! Feerd you wa'n't comin'. Come in, Mis' Dyer! How do do, Mary Jane an' Cindy? Come right in, stranger!'

"'He didn't wanter come 'cause he wa'n't invited,' proclaimed Mr. Dyer, pointing one finger towards me.

"'He didn't!' ejaculated Mr. Dixon. 'Why, man, the hull gulch is invited to these doin's! It's Christmas, you know.' Slap off your overcoat an' jine right in in a right-hand-of-fellership sort of a time.'

"I am not a dancing man, but I suddenly found myself seized by and whirling and bobbing around with a buxom young lady whom I had never seen before, and to whom I had not been introduced.

"We're perfectly informal, or whatever you call it, here,' said a stout young lady, seating herself by my side, with a half of a pie in her hands and offering me a part of it.

"Some people came twelve miles to these 'doin's.'

"Strong-limbed, swarthy-cheeked young fellows came over the mountain-tops on snow-shoes; chimney sleds came gliding along over the gulch roads; songs and laughter rang out on the dark autumn air as the tired but merry revellers went home in the early Christmas morning.

"Dixon's crowded cabin was not emptied until broad daylight. The doin's lasted until then, and all the snow-covered mountain tops were aglow with sunshine as we walked over the winding trail to Bob Dyer's cabin."

Why She Pointed.

A school-teacher from "out West" tells the following laughable little incident: "On Christmas Day I was invited to dinner at the home of a farmer in the neighborhood. He had a large family of children, and I was not the only guest, several families in the neighborhood having been invited.

"Just before we went out to dinner, a ten-year-old daughter of the family, a favorite pupil of mine, came into the room, and began silently counting the guests, pointing her finger at each person as she counted.

"'Is she stood near me, I thought to give her a little lesson in etiquette, and whispered,—

"'Don't point, Milly; it is not polite.'

"To my amusement and the chagrin of her mother, she instantly replied,—

"'Well, I guess ma told me to, 'cause she's afraid there ain't mince pie enough to go round, and she hopes nobody won't take two pieces.'"

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Christmas comes but once a year.—*T. Tusser.*

With Christmas comes merry-making.—*Poole.*

On Christmas day it is the season of good cheer all the world over.—*Theodore S. Fay.*

On Christmas day all should be welcome with good cheer and true hospitality.—*John Stow.*

A regularly orthodox jolly Christmas is suggestive of big fires, plum-puddings and family gatherings.—*Alice Fisher.*

Christmas is a time of hospitality, of joy and merriment to thousands whose wants are supplied; but often it is a time of anxiety and suffering to the poor.—*G. Moyridge.*

A Christmas of Sorrow.

We were coming up through Missouri on the afternoon before Christmas last year. It was terribly cold and bitter, and the snow lay deep on the tracks. There were dozens of men on the train with Christmas bundles, dozens of women with Christmas packages, and as the afternoon waned and we passed station after station the people dropped off one by one until only a dozen of us were left. Soon after leaving a small station we all noticed the singular action of the train. For a mile or two we would be hauled along like lightning and then the speed would slow down to fifteen miles an hour without apparent reason.

One of the passengers who lived in a town fifteen or twenty miles ahead of us, and who had a dozen or more parcels piled upon the seat, soon began to fret and fume.

"Isn't he going to get us there before midnight?" he growled as the train slowed up. Then, as the speed increased until we seemed to be flying, he continued:

"He'll have us off the track! That engineer is surely drunk! Some one ought to hunt up the conductor!"

When we had run ten or twelve miles in the manner described the conductor came through our car on his way forward. He had an anxious look on his face, and did not stop to answer questions. Before he was out of the coach, however, there was a terrific crash, the forward ends of the coaches were smashed and splintered, and then we rolled down an embankment and brought up in a field.

It was God's mercy that every man and woman was not killed outright, but, strangely enough, none of the passengers were even badly bruised. When we had extricated ourselves from the wreck we went forward to the engine. It was off the track, on its back, and under the broken wheels and twisted and bent machinery lay the engineer and fireman, both dead.

Some one crept into the broken window of the cab to shut off the steam, and when he reappeared he had a package with the engineer's name on it. Inside was a toy horse, three or four wooden soldiers, a whistle and other childish playthings. He as well as others had some one who was eagerly expecting Santa Claus.

We had run into the rear of a freight train which was taking a siding to let us pass. We were just fifty seconds on her time. As the trainmen gathered to rescue the bodies from the wreck one of them took a paper from the dead engineer's hand. It was a telegram received at the last station and read:

"Fred was burned to death this noon! Mary."

Then we accounted for the wild running of the train—for what had been a mystery. There were the Santa Claus gifts for the dear boy at home; there was the telegram blasting all hopes—destroying all visions of happiness—shattering in one moment a thousand plans for the future. And men gathered closer and wiped away tears and whispered:

"And who now can comfort the motherless widow! What a Christmas the morrow will bring her!"

A Lost Christmas Dinner.

The Barker family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Barker and a grown son. They were all possessed of good appetites and a fondness for the flesh-pots. The family being small and times hard, Mr. Barker did not buy a turkey for their Christmas dinner, but in its stead brought home a nice, plump chicken, just right for roasting. Some household economics had to be practised before the Barkers could afford even a chicken, and they viewed their purchase with great satisfaction and pleased anticipation.

Just as Mrs. Barker was laying the cloth for dinner, there came a rap at the door, and a round-faced, robust-looking young Scotchman, a new acquaintance of Bark's, came in, and of course he was invited to stay for dinner, as the Barkers were the most hospitable of people.

Then chicken came on the table so brown and delicious that Ben could not help smacking his lips, and Mr. Barker was in the happiest mood.

Instead of himself filling and passing the plates of his family and guest, it was Mr. Barker's custom to "pass things," with a "help-yourself" invitation. He carved the chicken to the bone in the neatest manner, and putting *all* the meat on a separate plate, passed it to the guest.

To the amazement and consternation of the family, Scotch Joe passed back his empty plate, with a polite "Thank you," and immediately began operations on the entire chicken.

A half-tearful, distressed look came into young Ben's face.

Mr. Barker glanced sadly at the bare, white skeleton of the chicken on the platter, and at the meat on Joe's plate.

Mrs. Barker remarked soberly that she would take some of the "stuffing," if there was any left.

Ben's twenty-one years and prominent moustache did not keep him from saying,—

"It don't look as though we was going to get any, pap."

"We ain't," said "pap," as he slowly turned the skeleton over and over, only to discover that his work had been but too well done.

And they didn't get any; not a bite. Scotch Joe ate every fibre and shred of that chicken; and as Mrs. Barker tossed the bones into the swill-pail, she could not help saying,—

"A two-legged pig has had the first chance at them."

Bringing Back the Dreams.

Life is full enough at best of cares and sorrows. Happy they who for even a few brief days can go back in thought to the half-spun dreams of their childhood, and recall the hallowed tales they first learned at their mother's knee. It is good for us to relax for a season the hard set look of the worldling and the money-getter, and yield to the sweet influence of nobler and better ideals.

Let us bring back the holidays, and let us learn to celebrate them as seasons of rest, of recreation, of reminiscence. There is room for them all, for none, perhaps, more than for Christmas. With its religious suggestions, with its lessons of charity and brotherhood, with its memories of the sweet long ago of hopeful, joyous youth, with its prophecy of that good time coming when mankind shall reach the goal of happiness, this day is surely worth preserving to humanity. Aside from its theological or sectarian aspect, it stands forth as the feast of brotherly kindness. Its celebration will soften the asperities of life, and renew in the soul the fading pictures of earlier innocence. It will keep alive the childlike element in our nature without which we soon become hard and unnatural. And it will remind us, coming as it does at the end of each recurring year, when we are about to cast up the ledger of our failures and successes, that the pursuit of wealth or fame is not all of life, and that both combined will be worse than useless to us unless they are accompanied by the happiness that comes from duty done.

Bars,
lowers,
r Seeds and
Supplies!

lor sale by

ASON,

- Norway, Me.,

TE SEASON.

s a specialty of

toves, Ranges,

aps, Silver Plated Sets

n and Sporting Goods,

e and Pocket Cutlery,

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rge to answer questions.

mporium,

Norway, Me.

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been cured of rheumatism and neuralgia by its use.
William Foye of East Sumner, has received an increase of pension.

With the well-known Florists. W. E. Morton & Co., of Portland, to promptly fill all Orders.
6-1y
NOYES' DRUG STORE,
Norway, Me.

LOST A lady's cloak between Norway Village and the farm of Roswell Frost. The finder will confer a favor by leaving the cloak at J. W. Everett's meat market.

Studs, and Cuff Buttons in gold and Plate for Gents.
50tf
HORACE COLE, Jeweler,
Norway, Me.

and see if we cannot back up all we say. Yours truly,
A. C. GREENE & CO.

NEW SPECIMENS EVERY WEEK IN F. D.
SWAN & COBB, the Photographers
OF NORWAY, ME.

S. B. & Z. S. PRINCE,
116 Main Street, - - Norway, Me.

Oxford County Advertiser.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1886.

NORWAY AND VICINITY.

Gold rings at Hill's, the new Jeweler.*

Sleds and baby sleighs at Crockett's.*

Mont Hollis has moved here from West Sumner.

Holiday goods at C. N. Tub

Minnie Ackerly of Gorham in town.

Don't forget the handkerch S. B. & Z. S. Prince's.

Perfume of all kinds. Perf Smoking sets at Crockett's.

Charles L. Cummings is dr Dunham's meat cart.

Finest display of useful town at Crockett's.

A. E. Morrison's little son very sick.

Books for any body at Croc

John Bumpus is very sick.

Toys, sleds and baby sleighs Drug Store.

L. R. Hall is visiting at Ga Bangor.

Millinery is very low at Mr to close out winter stock.

Beautiful cups and saucers tached humanity at S. L. Croc

Collars, cuffs, shirts, neck-ti variety at Huntington & Co's.

D. A. Cummings of Alban town Monday.

All the popular brands of ch smoking tobacco at Nevers'.

Annie Parker is teaching the school.

Don't lay this paper down t read Hill's ad.

Mrs. Mary Bartlett has been

Story books, cards and toil Crockett's Drug Store.

A. D. True has been on the s the past few days.

You will find bargains in ha derwear and gloves at Mrs. Moe

Swan & Cobb, the leading pher.

A full line of bath towels, chiefs, napkins, etc., at C. N. T

Mr. and Mrs. Stiles of Wes have been in town careing for Albert, who has been very sick.

Sittings made on or before will be finished for Christmas Cobb's.

Pomona Grange meeting at N *second* Tuesday in January, first as reported last week.

Brooks & Buck still continue pounds of standard granulated 51.00, 7½ pounds for 50 cts. Ot

Horace Sanborn and brother, David Sanborn, have moved f City, Washington Territory, to

Read Webb & Wakefield's advertisement in this issue.

We understand Eddie Rich the fish business heretofore con J. S. Holt.

Swan & Cobb will exhibit so in the post-office Saturday, w excell all their past work.

Mufflers at Huntington & C 50 cents to $2 apiece. Just the a present.

J. H. Cotton recently kill months old hog that weighed 45 Nat Frost slaughtered one that 530 pounds. The age of Mr. Fr we did not learn.

A large line of silk handkerchie bags, fur sets, tidies and table Whitcomb & Smiley's.

Otis Jones and family, who h visiting Mrs. Jones' sister, Frost, returned to Boston las Mr. Jones' family spend a po every summer in our village.

Visit Old St. Nicholas at S. L ett's and see what he has in amuse and instruct old and youn

Mrs. Simeon Drake has gone t chusetts, where she will spend C She will visit at North Weyme Manchester-by-the-Sea.

Studio of Swan & Cobb will Christmas day, and all sittings fore the 28th will be finished Ne Eve.

For Holiday candies go to I Buck's where you can buy mixe for 15 cents per pound, two pou quarter.

A Chicago clergyman asks: man be a Christian and at the sa a successful business man?" H he advertises largely. C. G. Mason, Nos. 5 every year at way Hardware Emporium.

Call at Swan & Cobb's Studi order for one dozen Imperial sent it to your friend.

Rev. Caroline E. Angell p excellent sermon from Luke x 24th verses last Sunday after good audience.

If you want an ice cream ch to Brooks & Buck's, who keep of confectionary.

A number of our people we of attending the Henry M. S ture at Portland. He has, hov celled his lecture engagements for Europe Wednesday, by rea King of the Belegians.

S. B. & Z. S. Prince are beautiful line of silk umbre with handles of natural wo with gold and silver mountir one of these no lady will be brave even Norway storms.

The Ladies' Universalist C meet at Concert Hall Tuesday and evening of next week. W ladies in the afternoon, promei evening. All are invited.

Sweet and sour milk for sa ers' Dining Rooms. Also oys ers, figs and dates.

Mrs. M. E. Woodsum has be ton this week buying lots of ge and see presents to be given a ad. next week.

Young man, go to Hill's, the eler, and purchase your sweet ter or mother a present.

Royal Caldwell's horse diet disease while being driven h evening.

Call at Webb & Wakefield's their fine display of neck-wear etc.

S. S. Packard says he has fi house on Paris Street and not tenements in it ready to occu $8.00 per tenement. See ad.

For portraits executed in the of the art of photography ca Libby's on Deering street. I and lowest prices. See ad.

David Smiley has commence late in stocks. He recently share in the Norway Branch giving therefor one silk han value, $1.00

If you want a good custom select pattern and leave your m J. F. Huntington & Co.'s, Nort

Capt. W. A. Pulsifer, sole lea at the new shoe shop, cut off finger of the left hand last Fri noon. The Captain is doing we be expected. He has operated ter a number of years and this accident.

Robes of all kinds at C. S. Buy one and make a presen friend. Best robes and lowest Tucker's.

Band Concert and Ball at No next Friday evening, the 24th, ers. The Boys want to realize above expenses, so as to liqui obligations incurred in the Ban ment last August.

Lockets at Hill's, the new Je

Cloak lost. See ad.

George Pendexter of North visiting at the Noyes' Drug sto

Full line of ready-made cloth caps, etc., at J. F. Huntington

The case of the vs. Marshall complaint of Lucy F. McKeen legel assault and battery was fore Judge Whitman Tuesday, S. Kimball appeared for the Hon. H. M. Bearce of Bearce for the defence. Decision rese next term of the municipal cou

There is just an elegant line goods at Noyes' Drug Store i and more of them, too, than before collected together in any in this part of the State. It is one's time to examine this im lection before even thinking of present. Additions to this sto made daily.

Ranch Studios of Swan & opened personally about the second k in January. Charles R. Smith will te their Norway Studio during their ce of two or three weeks.

Heavy ulsters at Webb & Wakefield's.* Notice Hill's, the Jeweler's ad. * Visit Nevers' and bring the children when looking for holiday presents. * Jewelry at Hill's, the new Jeweler. * School children's book cases at Crockett's, Norway. *

W. H. Benson of Arizona Territory, son of W. S. Benson of this village, has presented to the Public Library a book

SOUTH PARIS.

The village High School closed last week.

Charles Prescott now has a flange plough attachment to his hand-car.

A covered way from the paint shop to the carpenter's shop has been added to the Paris Manufacturing Company's buildings; also one from the saw-mill to the steam-rooms.

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or my leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of

C. S. CUMMINGS'

HAS THE LARGST AMOUNT

—O-OF-O—

GRAND DISPLAY!

—OF—

GOODS!

SALE

GOODS!

AT

E, NORWAY.

nts. Goods use- liday Gifts. All the next two another season.

GREAT SALE.

rest for it is a bargain never n 30 cts.

epartment. 1 lot of Colored only 69 cts., worth double

1 lot of White and Colored only 89 cts. per pair, very

ers. of White and Colored ra large size, from $1.50 to ually 25 per cent. less than

rgains in Horse Blankets sale.

rtment. Ladies' Muffs and than half price to clean up

oods at bargains for the next

dges, Laces, Corsets. Hosiery all marked down. down to clear up stock as sible in the next two weeks.

nterest Every- member we al- erything war- ber this Great

E, NORWAY.

GOODS.

OUTSIDE.

"I wonder what it all may mean?"
The tiny feet were bare,
The Christmas winds blew sharp and keen
Across the chill church stair;
One little lamb, outside the fold,
Looked through the open door;
At hothouse buds and sheen of gold,
And richly marbled floor.

"I wonder what they do inside?"
The music floated round,
Some anthem, seeking far and wide,
With hushed and yearning sound;
Then raptured, like a conquering soul
That nears the tender sky,
It found a psalm, and brought the whole
Before the Christ on high.

"I wonder if it's wrong to peep?
I wish I might go in;
The snows are falling soft and deep,
My frock has worn so thin!
Oh, mother dear! is this the home
Where you have gone to stay?
Oh, tell me! won't they let me come,
And kiss you once to-day?

"I heard the children in the street
Talk of the Christmas-tide;
They spoke aloud of toy and treat—
Oh, call your child inside!
My mother, at this Christmas hour
With you I long to be!
In this fair house, with wealth and flower,
Will they make room for me?"

The organ pealed, the people sang—
None heard her pleading there;
Across the fields the music rang,
And blest the bitter air;
And quietly, as winds grow wild,
The wee limbs touched the sod,—
Oh, little lamb! oh, weary child!
Come to the arms of God!

LITTLE MISS PRIME.

A Happy Christmas Story.

BY EVELYN THORP.

How old was Miss Selina Prime—always spoken of as "Little Miss Prime?" To judge by her soft blonde locks you would have said not so far on towards forty. But to hear her talk—to observe her self-effacing shrinking into the ranks of the old, and the faded, and the shelved—beyond all question you would have amended the judgment with a "Surely, there is a mistake. Little Miss Prime must be quite an aged personage."

"If you would only crimp your hair, Aunt Selina, and wear your gowns of a little more stylish cut—not that you need to, for you're as pretty as you can be just as you are—you would look—well, nearly as young as I do!"

Thus Hannah Prime, called Nannie, and the belle of the little New England town if ever there was one, over and over. But Miss Selina would only blush in a half-shocked way. She wear modish gowns and crimp her hair! Dear me, what notions young people had. Such things were not for women of her age. But women of her age, it appeared, might take a prodigious vicarious interest in the crimped hair and the pretty modern dresses of others, for was Miss Selina ever more earnest than when engaged in aiding Nannie to render herself even more charming than nature had made her?

To-night she gazed upon her handiwork with more than usually beaming eyes.

"Dear, if you will let me move that geranium a little lower—"

"Not another thing shall you do for me," enunciated the tyrant of this household of two. "The rest of the geranium is for you, and wear it you shall, just to relieve a little spot of your that Quakerish gray of yours, you dear, prim, unreasonable little woman!"

And with impetuous fingers the niece, tall and dark and brilliant in black tulle and bunches of red blossoms, fastened the flowers in little Miss Prime's fine bit of lace, notwithstanding sundry demurring expostulations.

It has been already understood by the reader, doubtless, that Miss Selina and the young lady were on festive thoughts intent that night. Not half an hour later the former was taking her place among a group of elderly maidens ranged with a great show of decorous respectability along the wall, and the latter was starting off on the arm of an eligible young man to the pulsating measures of a waltz.

How lovely she was! Miss Selina sat and watched her beautiful niece as she walked or danced, always surrounded with partners—and the best in the room, too—and a delicate flush of pleased excitement rose to her smooth cheeks. Who could possibly be good enough for Nannie? She so handsome, so brilliant, so clever. He must be a very knight and king among men who would dare to woo her and wear her. And perhaps, thought Miss Selina with a very faint little sigh, there were not many such. Some seemed to be; but then the sequel proved other things. Well, life was full of disappointment, and one must not judge too harshly. Who could tell the hidden causes that lay beneath seeming mysteries? And once more Miss Selina, for an instant oblivious in part of the gay scene about her, sighed gently.

But then the temporary mists of memory cleared away, and she caught a glimpse of her beautiful niece talking to a tall, broad-shouldered man. A sudden the pink flush faded out of Miss Selina's cheeks. Had any of the matrons been looking her way, they must have noticed that the small hands in the pearl-gray gloves, that had been so neatly cleaned into immaculateness with painstaking bread-crumbs, had closed convulsively over her fan, which was Nannie's last Christmas gift. But the matrons were looking elsewhere. Miss Selina, as failing to hold original or authoritative views on the management of servants and the training of the infant mind, though at all times a most deferential listener to the expositions of others on matters of such and similar import, was apt to become somewhat neglected, perhaps, of these ladies, though assuredly not in the least conscious of the fact herself.

You would not have thought Miss Selina was possessed of much of that quality known vulgarly as "grit" had you looked at her. And yet here she was rallying all her forces together to meet this dreadfully sudden shock that had come upon her, all unprepared as she was, and succeeding far better in the endeavors, too, than many another of her sex, adjudged strong-minded of the world, would have done.

But surely they were not coming toward her? Yes, Nannie, flushed and imperious, with her black cloud of drapery trailing after her, was crossing the room on the arm of the tall man, and both were steering directly towards the shrinking little figure in gray.

"Aunt Selina, here is a gentleman who was interested in me as soon as he knew my name was Prime. He said he had known a Miss Prime years ago, and, of course, it must have been you."

And Miss Selina, though with a most composed little air of bravery, was extending a tremulous hand and murmuring something to the effect of "having met Mr. Dilboroglue before."

The tall man sank into the chair beside her. Miss Nannie drifted off again on the arm of a fresh admirer. Mr. Dilboroglue turned to the little woman and looked at her steadily.

"You are not changed at all," he said brusquely. Indeed, with the vivid color of excitement in her cheeks, Miss Selina's soft face looked like that of a young girl. But the compliment was not to be returned. Mr. Dilboroglue had changed; changed much. Miss Selina stole a side glance at the rugged features, the thick beard streaked with gray, and tried to reconstruct from the present semblance the picture of the man young in years and heart, and head, whom she had known in the long ago.

"You are thinking you can't say so much for me," he continued, interpreting her silence, and a faint red crept up under his dark skin. "Well, I've had a hard life. But I've gained my point. I've been successful."

There was a certain defiant aggressiveness in the tone. The hardness seemed to make him more of an alien than ever. A wound which she had thought long healed wrung Miss Selina's heart with a sharp, quick pang. Her manner became less tremulous under the effort to suppress the hurt, and to the man beside her she had the effect of growing more cold.

"What a pretty girl your niece is," he said, effecting a diversion.

Here, at least, Miss Selina could speak freely.

"Yes. Is she not lovely?" she cried, with the light coming into her eyes. "And just as clever and good as she is beautiful. She has been like a daughter to me."

And then, for some occult reason, poor little Miss Prime, blushed a sensitive pink again.

"Well, revered Aunt Selina, mine," cried Nannie, when the two were at home once more, "what think you of my chances with the nabob Dilboroglue? Didn't he seem to talk to me prodigiously during the latter part of the evening? Now, evidently, this is my chance. A very rich old fellow has always been my castle in the air, has it not? And here is the very man, awfully rich, they do say, and not so old, either."

And Nannie stood looking down upon Miss Selina with a hundred little imps of mischief dancing in her eyes.

"If you thought you could like him, dear—," began Miss Selina, uncertainly. But why, indeed, should Nannie not like him? He was a handsome man still, and though he had seemed harsh to her, and, after all, there might be reason; Miss Selina would not presume to judge—his manner his not been thus brusque to others. He had seemed to admire Nannie beyond any one present—as how could he help but do?—and there was no doubt, apparently, about his having come back to his native town a very rich man. His return had been wholly unexpected, but already the facts of it, and of the long interval of years preceding it, had been circumstantially noised abroad. Nannie was made for the luxuries of life; she ought to have the finest setting, ought this gem of little Miss Prime's. And if she could care for Mr. Dilboroglue. * * Miss Selina remembered that in the olden days it had not been so hard to care for the handsome, headstrong youth who then had worn that name.

In the silence of her little room that night, fresh and dainty with all the immaculate prim prettiness and the beauty of order of an "old maid's bower," Miss Selina crooned along on her knees, praying for the happiness of Nannie, and one other, if this thing was to be. If any personal remembrances selfishly obtruded themselves, and a tear fell dropping down on the well-worn cover of her Bible, blame her not. Miss Selina, with gentle resolutions, put the memories by. There had been many things she had not understood these many years back. The blow had fallen on a Christmas eve of that long ago, when the fair-haired, gentle girl, waiting for her bold young lover, had been told suddenly that he had left the town. There had been no sign or word of explanation. Selina Prime might conjecture that it was her father's purse-proud treatment of the penniless suitor—for old Prime was one of the moneyed men of the township and meant that everyone should recognize the fact—that had stung the latter into that abrupt departure; but her friends and acquaintances held another theory. Young Dilboroglue had always been a "pretty lively" fellow. It wasn't to be expected that little shy Selina Prime was ever come back? Well, she was mistaken, then. He had cut loose and he was going to "stay" cut loose.

"And, as for the coming back, the friends and acquaintances were right. Dilboroglue had disappeared as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed him up. Little Miss Prime made no moan. She had not understood; she thought she never should. But the Master must know; she could leave it all in His hands. And now, after all these years, her man came back, rich and prosperous, and loved her beautiful niece, why this must be the right thing, too.

If little Miss Prime's burden had grown heavier, in her own despite, in this time of the approaching Christmastide, which always awakened dormant memories, as a band that might be passed over the yellow, long silent keys of a quaintly fashioned harpsichord of ancient days—Nannie formed a glowing contrast to her. Never had the girl seemed brighter or prettier. There was as though a suppressed current of something mysteriously joyous running through all her moods. Every now and then she would make little plunges at Miss Selina and hug and kiss her with mischievous effusion and a warmth and insistance which would cause the aunt softly chiding, and yet pink with pleasure, to murmur, "My dear, my dear!"

"You dearest, girlishest of maiden aunts!" cried Nannie on one such occasion. "How do you contrive to blush so prettily at every little thing? It really makes you quite too charming for such a very aged person, do you know that? I could not blush that way if I tried. I should certainly come into my everlasting fortune at once, if I could.

"You may come into it without," said Miss Selina, gently.

At this Miss Nannie only laughed. But indeed, with blushes or without, she and Mr. Dilboroglue seemed to be growing the best of friends. They were much together, and had long conversations, the purport of which the girl never disclosed to Miss Selina. But the latter could only find this natural. "When she is ready to tell me, she will speak," thought she to herself.

And so the short gray days sped on, and the Christmastide had become an actuality, vivid with bunches of holly, and infused with that chastened and solemn spirit, that tempered sense of cheer and good-fellowship expressed in the magic, wondrous words, "Peace on earth; good-will towards man," which has made it like no other time that was since time began, in the hearts and homes of this world's children.

And then, on the morning of the eve before Christmas, Nannie said:

"To-night we decorate the church, Aunt Selina. Don't forget that. And you're to stay a little after the others go, for Mr. Dilboroglue wants to speak to you."

Miss Selina had no doubt as to why Mr. Dilboroglue wished to speak to her. He and Nannie had come to an understanding, and now he was to ask her consent to their marriage. Perhaps it did seem to little Miss Prime a bitter touch of fate that this should come about just in that very church, on that very night; for it had been on leaving the little whitewashed edifice, hung by her fingers, among others, with its green ropes and stars, on that Christmas eve long ago, that as she stood waiting, a pale, fair girl in the crisp starlight for the tall form that never came, she had heard the news—that Will Dilboroglue had been seen boarding the evening train south.

But when Miss Selina entered the little church again with her lovely niece on this night of grace, her eyes shone with so beautiful and soft a light that Nannie, turning upon her suddenly, exclaimed:

"Aunt Selina! You may scold me in holy horror if you choose; but you are at this moment just like the angels in heaven, or a transfigured saint!"

Certainly it was a calm and gently dignified little maiden lady, and one who concealed her inward tremors well, who was led behind while the others left the little church, one by one, and quietly stood as Mr. Dilboroglue came toward her.

"Selina," he said. How odd the name sounded in that voice after so many years! "I think you know why I wanted to speak to you!"

"Yes," and the gentle face was, in truth, transfigured now in its sacrifice. "You love Nannie, and you want her to be your wife."

"No, no; not Nannie! You—you!"

The words echoed through the little edifice, coldly pure and white with the Christmas greens against it, and their resinous odor filling the edifice like incense. The familiar walls seemed to recede before Miss Selina's vision, and grow dim and strange, and a dream. And presently she would awake. But he went on:

"It's being a long time and a hard battle, and a life's separation, Selina. Perhaps you blamed me, and you had a right. But I was goaded by despair, and a cutting humiliation of my poverty, into going. I swore to myself that I would not come back till it might be not empty handed. And so the years passed. The noon of our day is over and gone, Selina. But the evening of it may be ours still to spend together."

"But I have grown so old," faltered Miss Selina.

"Old? You? No! You never will be! It is I, Selina, who have grown old—old and hardened—weary with the battle of life."

And so it came about that little Miss Prime issued forth into the icy, clear night, above which the stars palpitated like living things, this time not alone. And when the two reached the house there was Nannie, scintillating and radiant in the ruddy light of the open door to receive them.

But then, indeed, it was as though Miss Selina would sink into the ground.

"Oh, Nannie!" was all she could articulate. The horror of her selfish joy at the price of the disappointment of this child of hers smote her white-lipped and dumb.

But with a bound and a ringing laugh Nannie was upon her, with her arms about her neck.

"Oh, you dearest dear goose! Are you going to faint because you think I want to marry Mr. Dilboroglue? Why, I knew how it was from the first, and we've been in league all along. Didn't I manage nicely, Uncle Dilboroglue?"

And thus it transpired that, after many years, little Miss Prime's faithful heart, humble and tremulous, came into its Christmas joy.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

What to give the baby—A spanking if he howls.

What to give little sister—Leave to go out when you go to see the big one.

What to give little brother—A drum, if the old man is nervous.

What to give big sister—A promise to pay her board bills.

What to give big brother—Your best cigars, while you are sparking his sister, and the cold shoulder afterward.

What to give mother—All the work and worry, so that the young people can have a "good time."

What to give father—All the bills to pay, the first of the new year.

What to give grandmother—A blowing up for "spoiling the children."

What to give grandfather—A hint to leave you something in his will.

An Unreliable Precedent.

"Well, now in the name of goodness, David, what are you going to do with that barrel?" said a newly married preacher's wife to her husband on the day before Christmas, as she saw him rolling a new cask into the yard.

"It's to put the slippers in, my dear," said the good man, as he opened the barrel and leaned upon it.

"To put the slippers in—what slippers, hubby?"

"Why, the ones I'll get from the congregation to-morrow, my dear. I don't want to have them scattered all over the house. They would be so much in the way."

"And did you expect to get a barrel of slippers, David?"

"Certainly, my dear. I got more than that last year, and being then but a new comer among this people, they were not of course so strongly attached to me as now."

"David, you're an old goose."

"What do you mean, my dear?"

"Don't you know, you poor ninny, that you wasn't married then, and that girls don't fool away their time working slippers for a man after he's out of the market?"

"Out of the market, my dear?"

"Yes, out of the market."

"But I've never been in the market, my dear."

"Haven't you, though? Why, you poor old dear, every girl in the church was setting her cap for you, and that's how you happened to be snowed under with slippers. You'll not get a slipper this year; you can depend on that; so you might as well roll that barrel into the woodhouse. It will come handy to put your sermons in."

Good Will Towards Men.

Let us remember that the season has its duties; its choicest pleasures, indeed, are only to be derived from their proper discharge. The keynote of Bethlehem's immortal anthem must not be forgotten—"Good will towards men." In deeds of love and kindness, and charity to the poor, it is possible for us all to take up the strain the shepherds heard as they "watched their flocks by night." The claims of childhood plead to us with special force in this time. It is the children's festival in a peculiar sense. All its sweet and sacred associations are linked with a cradle. The star which the wise men of the East followed rested at last over a little child. Happy, as well as wise, are the men and women of this land who, in these Christmas days, can make childhood their shrine, and, by lighting up its face with smiles and filling its heart with joy, bathe themselves in the overflowing happiness of its innocent and guileless spirit. Charles Dickens, whose greatest glory is that he made Christmas the text from which he preached a broad and beautiful humanity, wrote one sentence about childhood that would forever enshrine his memory, if he had never penned anything else: "I love these little people; and it is not a slight thing, when they, who are so fresh from God, love us."

"For little children everywhere
A joyous season still we make,
We bring our precious gifts to them,
Even for the dear child Jesus' sake."

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Last Christmas morning golden
Of these one of the least
Was glad in the light of heaven
As it came from over the East.

"How good every one is growing!"
Said she with a loving kiss;
"How happy, cheery, joyous!
Will it always be like this?"

We aided hope with a blessing
And strove with a New Year zest;
But frost fell down and the summer
Was covered with leaves like the rest.

But her wish is there for a chorus
To extend the season of bliss.
Old world! whirl on in thy current
And be forever like this!

—*Frank Daniel Bilsh, in Chicago Current.*

"Hello, Biggs; did you get a Christmas present?" "Oh, yes, I got two." "Well, you are a lucky dog. What did you get?" "Oh, I got slippers, as usual."

THE KRISS KRINGLE.

BY H. C. DODGE.

"Why am I like Kriss Kringle, Kate?"
Smiled Harry, courting late in clover;
"Because," she yawned, "we know so great
A pleasure when your visit's over."

"Oh, no! that isn't right Miss Green,"
Groaned Harry, at the clock a glancing;
"Kriss Kringle's presents, Kate, I mean
Must be—like mine—to you entrancing."

"Indeed! your presents! why," laughed she,
"I never knew you to make any."
"I mean my presence here," blushed he,
"Must—that is—might give pleasures many."

"Perhaps, if you were like St. Nick,"
Smiled Kate. "Oh, tell me how," cried Harry.
"Well, then," she said, and made him sick,
"Come once a year, and never tarry."

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

Clear and cold was the winter night
And all the stars in the sky
Were full of holy new delight,
As they sang His lullaby.

Out of the East the full moon came,
White-robed with light, as a bride
Whose face aglow with inward flame
Could not its glances hide.

Over the plains, over the hills,
And over the distant seas,
Was music that still echoes and fills
The nations' destinies.

For out of love a Child was born:
Unto man a son was given;
And every year His natal morn
Fills all the world with heaven.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

The Christmas Trees.

The Christmas trees, with their treasures of toys and other tempting tribute, will make the hearts of the little ones glad; the Santa Claus stocking will be examined with expectancy and emptied with joy; all day long the laughter of children will make the household merry; and in after years, mid the toils and troubles of existence, the memory of childhood's Christmas will crop up as the one green spot of unclouded happiness. But there is a companion picture. In squalid tenement-houses there will be children with as keen a sense of childish enjoyment as any possessed by the more favored ones of the earth—little ones who, though accustomed to misery, can still find a corner in their young hearts for mirth; to whom the Christmas days are days of welcomed coming, and yet knowing not why, except by parental tradition; for there is no Christmas tree for them and no Santa Claus stocking to receive the kindly offerings of loving patrons and friends. While the tables of the rich and prosperous will groan with the good things of the world, the empty boards—if there be such a thing in the squalid courts and alleys—will be a sad contrast and commentary. Profusion, with the shadow of penury on it from the next street—unless the profusion learn to spare a little for the penury, and, instead of accepting the shadow, give a distributive share of the sunlight to the dark places.

One day to Christmas. Use that day well and wisely. Let contentment be enhanced by charity. Make some sad home joyful in your joy—some little ones, the children of the poor and the afflicted, re-echo the laughter that wells up from the souls of your own beloved olive branches. No one can plead ignorance of the claim—no one need seek far for the opportunity. Round the next corner from your happy households, you will find worthy objects of your seasonable beneficence, and there will be no holiday remembrance more cheering than the proud consciousness that you did not forget God's poor on the great day signalized by God's mercy, and that, in the midst of Christmas delights, you gave practical thought of Christmas duties.

Just think of it, before going to market or while there, that a small sacrifice will be productive of a great satisfaction.

Origin of the Christmas Tree.

Christmas has come to be regarded, too, as especially a children's festival. The custom of stealthily hiding money and other presents in the stockings of children after they have retired to bed on Christmas Eve—which presents are said to be sent by Santa Claus—is derived from a Continental practice. On St. Nicholas Eve presents are surreptitiously put in children's shoes and slippers, and the little ones are told that these presents were brought through the windows, though they were shut, by St. Nicholas. The custom is founded upon a tradition, according to Brand, that St. Nicolas, in his lifetime, was in the habit of throwing purses of money in at the windows of poor maidens to be used by them as marriage portions. But whatever the origin of the custom, it is one that is a source of ardent expectation, of great pleasure, and of happy reminiscences to most English children. Then there is the Christmas tree, specially designed for the delectation of children, loaded with its presents, which has become a prevailing fashion in England. What can be more enjoyable, even to old people, than to watch the eager expression on the faces of the little ones as they stand around it awaiting the distribution of the prizes! There is a popular belief that this custom originated in Germany. Such, however, is not the fact. The Christmas tree is from Egypt, and its origin dates from a period long anterior to the Christian era. The palm tree is known to put forth a branch every month, and a spray of this tree with twelve shoots on it was used in Egypt at the time of the winter solstice as a symbol of the year completed.

Little Presents.

Make little presents if you cannot make great ones. Many there are who stand on the false pride of not giving at all unless they give largely. A little knickknack, costing little will often fill the heart of the receiver with as much pleasure as though a small fortune had been spent upon it. It is the beauty of the season of gifts that it gives value and vital meaning to a thousand things that in the dull round of the year bear no significance. It may be a ribbon or a trinket, a bit of china or a book; it will become a memory, a link between man and man. If it prove a link between a fair young girl and a brave young man, why, all the better. If from boy to boy, why, it may cement a true friendship for life. In any case it is an addition to the sum of human happiness, and just now we want all the joy and good-will that the world can hold.

COMING DOWN.

Mr. and Mrs. Blimmer, loaded with good things for the stockings of the two little Blimbers, paused on the threshold of the bedchamber to reconnoitre the ground. It was quite still and their bosoms swelled with the emotions peculiar to Santa Claus on such happy occasions. "The darlings are asleep," said Mr. Blimber, "and we can go in." But they had not advanced three steps before there was a crackling of the bed, a rustling of clothes and the half-smothered accents of a small boy's voice saying: "Wake up, Jimmy; it's almost time for dad to be coming down the chimney."

CALENDAR FOR 1887.

The poor will many a care forget,
The debtor thinks not of his debt,
But as they each enjoy their cheer
Wish it were Christmas all the year.

—*Thomas Miller.*

Christmas in Pike County.

"Do I reckomember the Christmas o' '26?" said the old settler. "Wall, now that's a durn sensible question to ast me, ain't it? Do I reckomember the Christmas o' '26! If I couldn't reckomember murder back 'n that, b'gosh, I'd be out a ridin' down hill to-night with the rest o' the boys! I were sayin' to M'riar only this mornin' at breakfast, 'M'riar,' says I,—M'ria were puttin' on another griddle o' cakes —M'riar,' says I, 'would yer believe that on Christmas Eve, 1810, we had one o' the hardest thunder storms, over on Pocono,' says I, 'ez ever shook that corner o' the country?' 'Wall,' she says, 'Silas,' says she, 'I mowt believe it, an' then agin mebbe I mowtn't. It'd 'mind a leetle on who said so,' says she. 'Wall, I says, 'I say so, o' course.' M'riar turned the cakes on the griddle, an' put another stick o' wood in the stove. 'Ye didn't get struck by lightnin', did ye, Silas?' says she. 'Struck by lightnin'?' I says. 'O' course not!' 'Slebbe ye wan't old enough,' says she. 'But if I was you,' says she, 'I wouldn't tell much 'bout that thunder storm now, 'cause ye ain't too old to get struck yit,' says she. M'riar's a leetle queer when she's bakin' cakes, 'specially if she happens to git holt of a stick o' wood that's cut an inch or so too long, ez she did this mornin'.

"But that thunder shower were a cur'ous thing, an' no mistake. I know me and my brother Jerry got ketched out in it, an' was durn nigh skeert to death. I guess none o' you fellers never know'd my brother Jerry. He went West to the lake country in '23. The 'Squire mowt a know'd him, though."

"I never know'd him," said the 'Squire, "but I've heerd on him. Usely drive team fur ole Jedge Piper, didn't he?"

"Y-e-e-s," said the Old Settler. "I b'lieve he did, 'munst. Wall, me an' him——"

"They usely say that he could drive a team further in a day without hurtin' 'em than any other man that worked fur the Jedge," continued the 'Squire.

"Wall, me an' him——".

"He were the one ez druv the Jedge's team o' blacks so fur one day that it tuck another o' the Jedge's men two days to ketch up to him an' drive 'em back, wa'n't he?" asked the 'Squire, forgetting that it was Christmas.

"Oh! yes," said the Old Settler, with his memory refreshed. "Durned if I hadn't forgot all about that! That black team were the all-firdest pair o' runaway horses ez ever chaw'd a snaffle-bit. Jerry was alluz afeerd to drive 'em, an' one day they got the upper han' of him, an' he couldn't stop 'em till they got 'way over by Wilkes-Berry some'rs. An' he couldn't hold 'em in then; but fortunity the Jedge sent one o' the men a horseback 'round by a short cut, an' ez luck would hez it, I'm durn'd if he didn't head off the team an' stopped 'em, jist ez Jerry were pointer give up an' jump out'n the wagon an' take the chances, an' ez like ez not he'd broke his neck. When they got the hosses quieted down, Jerry said, b'gosh, that he'd be gumm'd if he'd work fur a man ez kep' sech a resky team ez them blacks, an' so he didn't come back, but went on to the lake country. But Jerry hain't got nothin' to do with that storm, only him an' me a sittting ketched in it makes me reckomember it."

"I'll never furgit that thunder storm, myself," said the 'Squire, with a wink that aigured ill for the Old Settler's sarenity. "They were a ter'ble deep snow that winter, wa'n't they, Major?"

"Deepest I ever see," said the Old Settler.

"That Christmas Eve were the coldest night o' the season, too."

"Cold?" said the Old Settler "Why, b'gosh, 'twere ez warm ez May, almost!"

"It mowt a ben warm at Pocono," said the 'Squire, but three mile furder up the creek, where I were, 'twere howlin' cold. Why, durn it, Major, don't yer reckomember how that rain friz ez fast ez it fell, an' how it come down in pieces no bigger 'roun' than a clothes line, but some on 'em more'n a hundred foot long, an' how they rammed one end o' theirself into the snow, an' stood 'roun' thar thicker'n bean pole in a garden? Don't that leetle sarcumstance come back to ye?"

"No, b'goshlmighty! An——"

"An' don't ye mind how ev'ry wunst in a wile lightnin' 'd dip the end o' one o' them pieces o' ice, an' 'd slide down it inter the snow an' melt so much of it that if it hadn't a friz ez fast ez it melted it 'd a run in the creek an' flooded us all out?"

"Were this in '19?" inquired the Old Settler, evidently puzzled.

"Sayvin' '19, of course. Christmas Eve, '19," said the 'Squire. "Why, dod-durn it, Major, you mus' reckomember that if that thunder storm hadn't a friz we'd a had the biggest flood we ever see, an' they wouldn't a ben a thing left 'long the creek! An' don't ye mind how the men an' teams was busy fur a week diggin' the shover out'n the snow, ez fast ez run it down the creek 'fore warm weather come, an' git rid of it 'fore it could melt? Mebbe the shover you an Jerry got ketched in were in '19 Major."

"They's a good many things ez I'd a liked to had fur a present this Christmas," said the old Settler calmly, "an' some on 'em is wuth a heap o' money. If I could a had 'em all, b'gosh, an' had 'em here right now, an' somebody'd offer me sixteen thousan' dollars fur 'em, I'd say: 'No, sir; yo can't have 'em!' But, 'Squire, if I could make a turn with 'em an' trade 'em off fur your mem'ry, I'd say, 'Hyer, 'Squire, b'goshl'mighty, take 'em!'"

The teakettle sang louder than ever. The steam jets rioted without license. Lemons and spices and smoking glasses met in savory confusion. The boys smiled. The landlord stood up in his place, glass in hand.

"Gentlemen," said he, "a merry Christmas!"

And the Old Settler and the 'Squire touched their glasses and drank heartily.

ED. MORR.

If all our millionaires would make a point once a year of reading Dickon's "Christmas Carol" they might learn a lesson for this merry season. If there are any Scrooges among us, let them try this Christmas to make their faithful servants happy. Let them spare from their millions even a few cents to make those about them happy.

Bars,
lowers,
r Seeds and

Supplies!

or sale by

ASON,

- Norway, Me.,

E SEASON,

s a specialty of

toves, Ranges,

aps, Silver Plated Sets
n and Sporting Goods,
e and Pocket Cutlery,
s.

rge to answer questions.

mporium,
- Norway, Me.

WN!—

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S. B. & Z. S. PRINCE,

116 Main Street, - - Norway, Me.

Been cured of rheumatism and neuralgia by its use.

William Foye of East Sumner, has received an increase of pension.

Parties, etc., we have made arrangements with the well-known Florists, W. E. Morton & Co., of Portland, to promptly fill all Orders.

5-1y

NOYES' DRUG STORE,
Norway, Me.

LOST A lady's cloak between Norway Village and the farm of Reuel Frost. The finder will confer a favor by leaving the cloak at J. W. Everett's meat market.

Studs, and Cuff Buttons in gold and Plate for Gents.

HORACE COLE, Jeweler,
Norway, Me.

50tf

and see if we cannot back up all we say. Yours truly,

A. C. GREENE & CO.

NEW SPECIMENS EVERY WEEK IN P. O.

SWAN & COBB, the Photographers
OF NORWAY, ME.

Oxford County Advertiser.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1886.

NORWAY AND VICINITY.

Gold rings at Hill's, the new Jeweler.*
Sleds and baby sleighs at Crockett's.*
Mont Hollis has moved here from West Sumner.
Holiday goods at C. N. Tub
Minnie Ackerly of Gorham in town.
Don't forget the handkerch
S. B. & Z. S. Prince's.
Perfume of all kinds. Perf
Smoking sets at Crockett's.
Charles L. Cummings is dr
Dunham's meat cart.
Finest display of useful
town at Crockett's.
A. E. Morrison's little son very sick.
Books for any body at Croc
John Bumpus is very sick.
Toys, sleds and baby sleighs Drug Store.
L. R. Hall is visiting at Ga Bangor.
Millinery is very low at Mr to close out winter stock.
Beautiful cups and saucers tached humanity at S. L. Crocl
Collars, cuffs, shirts, neck-ti variety at Huntington & Co's.
D. A. Cummings of Alban town Monday.
All the popular brands of ch smoking tobacco at Nevers'.
Annie Parker is teaching the school.
Don't lay this paper down ti read Hill's ad.
Mrs. Mary Bartlett has been
Story books, cards and toil Crockett's Drug Store.
A. D. True has been on the s the past few days.
You will find bargains in ho dergear and gloves at Mrs. Moe
Swan & Cobb, the leading pher.
A full line of bath towels, chiefs, napkins, etc., at C. N. T
Mr. and Mrs. Stiles of Wes have been in town caring for Albert, who has been very sick.
Sittings made on or before will be finished for Christmas Cobb's.
Pomona Grange meeting at N *second* Tuesday in January, i first as reported last week.
Brooks & Buck still continue pounds of standard granulated s $1.00, 7½ pounds for 50 cts. Of
Horace Sanborn and brother, David Sanborn, have moved f City, Washington Territory, to
Read Webb & Wakefield's advertisement in this issue.
We understand Eddie Rich the fish business heretofore con J. S. Holt.
Swan & Cobb will exhibit so in the post-office Saturday, w excell all their past work.
Mufflers at Huntington & Co 50 cents to $2 apiece. Just the a present.
J. H. Cotton recently kill months old hog that weighed 45 Nat Frost slaughtered one that 530 pounds. The age of Mr. Fr we did not learn.
A large line of silk handkerchi bags, fur sets, tidies and table Whitcomb & Smiley's.
Otis Jones and family, who h visiting Mrs. Jones' sister, Frost, returned to Boston las Mr. Jones' family spend a pe every summer in our village.
Visit Old St. Nicholas at S. L ett's and see what he has in nmuse and instruct old and youn
Mrs. Simeon Drake has gone t chusetts, where she will spend C She will visit at North Weymo Manchester-by-the-Sea.
Studio of Swan & Cobb will Christmas day, and all sittings t fore the 28th will be finished Ne Eve.
For Holiday candies go to I Buck's where you can buy mixe for 15 cents per pound, two pound quarter.
A Chicago clergyman asks: man be a Christian and at the sa a successful business man?" H he advertises largely. C. G. Mason & Co. Everett Veal Store the best way Hardware Emporium.
Call at Swan & Cobb's Studi order for one dozen Imperial sent it to your friend.
Rev. Caroline E. Angell p excellent sermon from Luke x 24th verses last Sunday after good audience.
If you want an ice cream ch to Brooks & Buck's, who keep of confectionary.
A number of our people we of attending the Henry M. S ture at Portland. He has, hov celled his lecture engagements for Europe Wednesday, by req King of the Belegians.
S. B. & Z. S. Prince are beautiful line of silk umbre with handles of natural wo with gold and silver mountin one of these no lady will be brave even Norway storms.
The Ladies' Universalist C meet at Concert Hall Tuesday and evening of next week. W ladies in the afternoon, promot evening. All are invited.
Sweet and sour milk for sa ers' Dining Rooms. Also oys ers, figs and dates.
Mrs. M. E. Woodsum has be ton this week buying lots of go and see presents to be given a ad. next week.
Young man, go to Hill's, the eler, and purchase your sweet ter or mother a present.
Royall Caldwell's horse died disease while being driven E evening.
Call at Webb & Wakefield' their fine display of neck-wear etc.
S. S. Packard says he has fi house on Paris Street and not tenements in it ready to occu $8.00 per tenement. See ad.
For portraits executed in the of the art of photography ca Libby's on Deering street. I and lowest prices. See ad.
David Smiley has commence late in stocks. He recently share in Nova Scotia Branch giving therefor one silk han value, $1.00
If you want a good custom select pattern and leave your n J. F. Huntington & Co.'s, Nor
Capt. W. A. Ripley, sole teat at the new shoe shop, cut off finger of the left hand last Fri noon. The Captain is doing we be expected. He has operated ter a number of years and this accident.
Robes of all kinds at C. S. Buy one and make a presen friend. Best robes and lowest Tucker's.
Band Concert and Ball at No next Friday evening, the 24th. ers. The Boys want to realize above expenses, so as to liqui obligations incurred in the Ban ment last August.
Lockets at Hill's, the new Je Cloak lost. See ad.
George Pendexter of North visiting at the Noyes' Drug sto
Full line of ready-made cloth caps, etc., at J. F. Huntington
The case of the vs. Marshall complaint of Lucy F. McKeet leged assault and battery was fore Judge Whitman Tuesday. S. Kimball appeared for the Hon. H. M. Bearce of Bearce for the defence. Decision rese next term of the municipal cou
There is just an elegant line goods at Noyes' Drug Store and more of them, too, than before collected together in any in this part of the State. It is one's time to examine this tru lection before even thinking of present. Additions to this sto made daily.
Swan & Cobb's Studios of Swan & opened personally about the second in January. Charles R. Smith will te their Norway Studio during their ce of two or three weeks.

Heavy ulsters at Webb & Wakefield's.* Notice Hill's, the Jeweler's ad. * Visit Nevers' and bring the children when looking for holiday presents. * Jewelry at Hill's, the new Jeweler. * School children's book cases at Crockett's, Norway. *

W. H. Benson of Arizona Territory, son of W. S. Benson of this village, has presented to the Public Library a book

SOUTH PARIS.

The village High School closed last week.

Charles Prescott now has a flange plough attachment to his hand-car.

A covered way from the paint shop to the carpenter's shop has been added to the Paris Manufacturing Company's buildings; also one from the saw-mill to the steam-rooms.

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or my leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of

C. S. CUMMINGS'

HAS THE LARGST AMOUNT

—O—OF—O—

GRAND DISPLAY!

—OF—

OODS!

ALE

ODS!

AT

E, NORWAY.

nts. Goods use-liday Gifts. All the next two another season.

GREAT SALE.

est for it is a bargain never n 50 cts.

epartment. 1 lot of Colored only 00 cts., worth double 1 lot of White and Colored only $1.00 per pair, very prs. of White and Colored xtra large size, from $1.50 to ully 25 per cent. less than

rgains in Horse Blankets sale.

rtment. Ladies' Muffs and than half price to clean up

oods at bargains for the next

edges, Laces, Corsets. Hosiery all marked down. down to clear up stock as sible in the next two weeks.

nterest Every-member we al-erything war-ber this Great

E, NORWAY.

GOODS.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

But in despair I bowed my head—
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
God is not dead, nor doth He sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"
—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

Christmas in Old New York.

How Our Dutch Ancestors Celebrated the Yuletide Festival.

MATTIA J. LAMB IN THE MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

Among the first settlers of New York religion was as much a recognized necessity as food and drink. The Dutch emigrated from a land where the very atmosphere of men's lives was a practical fusion of theology and politics. The conflict with Spain had a certain sense overthrown religious tyranny. But schisms of every kind and degree flourished upon the wrecks of popular delusions, even among the Protestants; and fierce hostility raged between the ancient and reformed churches, keeping the clergy in a perpetual wrangle, and the public mind in a ferment. Meanwhile religious convictions were the rule; in the early years of emigration from the Dutch Republic an undevout man was almost an unknown phenomenon. In coming to New York, the Dutch pioneers left politics and war in the background; thus the Reformed Church "and the true religion" became dearer than ever to their homesick hearts. Christmas had long been observed in the Dutch States as a religious, social and merrymaking festival. The first positive footsteps of the Christian Festival of the Nativity are met with in the Second century, during the reign of Emperor Concilius; but the decretal epistles furnish traces of its more remote origin. An event so important in itself was undoubtedly commemorated among Christians annually from the days of the first apostles who survived our Lord's resurrection. The hymns in honor of Saturn were the Roman representations of the modern carol, and presents passed from friend to friend as Christmas gifts do in our day. In the Northern nations of ancient Europe the same period of the year as the Roman Saturnalia was celebrated by a festival in honor of the God Thor, which was distinguished by the song, the dance and the feast, mingled with the barbarous rites of their own religion. After the establishment of Christianity its earliest teachers seeing the impossibility of doing away with the pagan commemorations, which were deeply rooted in the constitution of society, sought to purify them and adapt them to the uses of the new faith.

No people were more thoroughly imbued with the sentiment of the age in relation to Christmas observances than the Dutch. We are told that the image of St. Nicholas presided as the figure-head of the first emigrant ship that touched Manhattan Island, and was esteemed the patron saint of the infant city. The records prove that the little colony was never remiss in the performance of the religious duties of the day, even while their only place of worship was in the loft of a windmill; after which the more elaborate and public Christmas sports were enjoyed in the heartiest manner. As the little dorp unfolded into a town of sufficient size to be honored with municipal privileges the annual celebrations were indorsed by the Government, and the whole business of the community languished—not entirely for one day, but for several days in succession; even all unnecessary household work was laid aside until the holiday season was concluded. Houses and churches were trimmed with evergreens for the Christmas festival, and usually not removed until Candlemas. The City Fathers distinguished Christmas eve by retiring altogether from municipal legislation during the period of festivities.

The following is indelibly registered in an old manuscript volume in the City Hall:

Dec. 14, 1654.—As the winter and the holidays are at hand, it shall be no more ordinary meetings of this Board (the City Corporation) between this date and three weeks after Christmas. The court messenger is ordered not to summon any one in the meantime.

Excessive hilarity was the fashion, and the old and the young, the grave and the gay, joined in all manner of rural games as well as boisterous revels. Among the quaint records of the Burgomasters and Schepens are several paragraphs showing that the dignified and corpulent Governor Stuyvesant frowned upon some of the "heathenish practices" in vogue; on one occasion he absolute y refused to allow some of the young people to ask for permission to "ride the goose" at one of the annual feasts. But the family reunions, exchange of presents and the dinner party were not inhibited, even in the great Governor's household. And while we have no authority for declaring that he refrained from joining the children "in a merry dance," like his wise and stately contemporaries, we have every reason to give our faith to the tradition that he lifted his voice in the carols, and cheered by his presence, his genial sympathies and kindly humor, those periodical awakenings, which did so much to keep alive the flame of charity, and to perpetuate precious memories during the roll of years.

The "Sinter Klaus" of New York was unknown to the neighboring colonies for many decades. To the Dutch children he was a sacred personage, driving tiny reindeer, dragging a sleigh full of toys over the roofs of the houses for their special benefit; stealing down each chimney in the dark evening and filling the stockings of the sleeping Dutch.

In addition to their usual devotions, the Dutch children at Christmas were accustomed to chant, as they were retiring to their beds, the Dutch lines:

Sint Nicholaas, good heilig man,
Trekt in' beste Tabbard an,
En reist daarmee naar Amsterdam,
Van Amsterdam naar Spanje,
Waar appelen voor granaten,
En appelen von granaten,
Rollen door de Straten.
Sainct Nicholaes, gode goelen vriend
Ik heb u altyd wel gedient,
Als gy my un wat will geben
Sal ik in dinen als myn leven.

The celebration originated in the Protestant districts of Germany. It was adopted in New York long before its appearance in any other American colony, and soon became one of the great treasures of the Christmas festival. Many of the Dutch, however, had been educated into a preference for the giving of gifts on New-year (New Year's Day) rather than on Christmas; they were indebted to the unsympathetic old Romans for the pretty notion that good fortune attended all enterprises and friendship begun and cemented on the first day of the new year, because gifts were considered as omens of success for the ensuing month. The Roman magistracy invariably entered upon its duties on New Year's morning, and the whole nation knelt in prayer with the early dawn. The day was esteemed sacred, as it looked back upon the year just passed and forward upon the year to come. It was observed in various ways. The rulers banqueted after the manner of the gods, copying the intellectual and vocal music throughout the meal. Gentlemen not infrequently paused between the courses to sing songs with lyre accompaniments. The peasantry wore festal garments in the streets, and journeyed great distances to the Emperor—a compulsory tribute. They also gave gifts to each other of dates, figs, plums, cakes and copper coins with the double head of Janus upon them. No one would lend anything or suffer a neighbor to take fire out of his house, or anything of iron, on New Year's Day. The Christians borrowed these customs and ceremonials; but the early fathers of the Church condemned them, calling them all idolatry. Claudius I., who was a reformer as well as a tolerable scholar and an author, modified the fashions by a decree produced chiefly on account of his dislike to the pagan performances attending presentations. It was this monarch who converted the southern portion of the British Isle into a Romance province, and waged a war with Germany. Thus, while he labored to suppress New Year's observances in his own country, he was instrumental in spreading the contagion through the European countries, and it was caught and perpetuated in England for a succession of centuries. The Dutch, who had a genuine love for all holidays, called New Year's Day "the great day of cake," as visitors were generally treated to cake, wine and punch. They initiated the delightful custom of New Year's calls, and introduced it into New York—when the city was but a little fur station. The Dutch ladies remained at home, decorated their houses with all the art at their command, and in their silks and satins welcomed the dignitaries of the colony. No gentleman of the old Dutch school, who esteemed himself eligible to the good society, ever thought of omitting to call upon every lady of his acquaintance on the first day of the year. The fashion grew in popularity as the city grew, and as the English and French contributed to the increasing population they adopted the established custom with special zest. Washington admitted it when he was our first President and a resident of New York. During the present century other cities have copied it from New York, until it seems to have found favor in almost every place of any size on this continent.

The records of these early festival days are for the most part worth preserving as curious illustrations of natural history. The close resemblance of the ceremonials in different climes, and among nations speaking different languages, is an interesting study, and may form an element in the solution of many a troublesome problem. The English, the French, the creole and the Dutch, although widely separated from each other on our broad wilderness shores, have been animated with a similar Christian spirit, and have each carefully contributed to keep alive the sense of a sacred celebration of the event of the Nativity, even to the end of the period allotted to social pleasures.

Why We Celebrate.

We celebrate Christmas day because it is what it is. But it is in a measure changed for us so far as climate goes. Not so much truly, as for him who breathes at this time the spicy breezes of Ceylon or pants in the torrid heat of Sydney; but still changed. Hence, we need not argue, happily, that the bright sunshine and soft air that we to-day are heralds of ill, especially, since so feminine in its caprices is our climate, when a riotous snow storm may be scurrying over the hills the morning after we write.

We follow, too, the old-time usages of Christmas, be it green or white. Our children look for the visits of St. Nicholas with an eagerness unquenched by three thousand miles of rolling billows, and for the Christmas tree, reckless whether it comes from Germany or Egypt, whether it be commemorative of the Saviour or sprung from the use of the palm at festivals among dusky Arabians centuries before the Christian era. The crammed stockings and the gifts on the tree are just as delightful, be their primal source what they may; and the joy of their elders in the rapture of the little ones loses no jot through any rifts in faith or questions of theological difference. And it is well that it is so.

It is well that all can meet, howbeit that Christmas comes but once a year, on a common ground of kindliness, of generous cheer and of charity. There are not many days that specially remind a busy world of the common humanity of all who inhabit it; that they are children of one father; and that the larger benefits of health and prosperity and national grandeur, which are shadowed, in a fashion, by the stockings and Christmas trees of the young, are boons to be grateful for and to be profoundly appreciated. Be the Christmas green or white then, or our creeds what they may, none of us can be the worse for giving thought to these things, even at the time of feasting, and remembering with thankfulness that the grace bestowed upon our fathers confirmed also to ourselves.

An English Christmas.

As long ago as 1712, as we learn from the *Spectator* of that date, they had a peculiar way of celebrating Christmas Day. Sir Roger, after the laudable custom of his ancestors, always keeps open house at Christmas. I learned from him that he had killed eight fat hogs for this season, that he had dealt about his chines very liberally among his neighbors and that in particular he had sent a string of hogs-puddings with a pack of cards to every poor family in the parish. "I have often thought," said Sir Roger, "it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter. It is the most dead, uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer and set it a-running for twelve days for every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince pie upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks and smutting one another."

The Day We Celebrate.

The observance of the 25th of December as the birthday of the Saviour is ascribed to Julius, Bishop of Rome, A. D. 337—352. The Eastern Church had previously observed the 6th of January in commemoration both of the baptism and of the birth of Christ. Before the end of the fourth century the East and West had exchanged festivals, the West adopting January 6 in commemoration of our Lord's baptism, and the East adopting December 25 in commemoration of our Lord's birth. The exact date of Christ's birth appears not to have been known in the early church, and cannot now be determined. Between the middle of December and the middle of February there is generally in Palestine an interval of comparatively dry weather, preceded and followed by the early and later rain. Hence, there might have been shepherds on the plain of Bethlehem watching their flocks at night.

[SEASONABLE RHYMES.

UNHAPPY MAN.

Who is this man with haggard face
Who groans and sighs and tears his hair
And up and down his room doth pace
With wild distraction in his air?
Is conscience gnawing him within,
Is he to grim remorse a prey,
Doth some unexpatiated sin
Sit heavy on his soul to-day?
No, he's a poet gentle, mild,
A man from evil passions free,
Who never harmed man, woman, child,
Or on a worm trod needlessly.
To-day he'd write—no thoughts will come;
No web of fancy can he weave:
His boy is beating on the drum
He bought for him on Christmas eve.

WHAT HE WANTS IN HIS SOCK.

SHE.

When you wake in the morn, oh, my dearest,
And gaze on your stocking with care—
On the bright Christmas morn, dost thou hearest,
What, of all, would you like to see there?

HE.

When I wake in the morn, oh, my darling,
I think it would save you much snarling,
And gaze on my footing with care,
If some good solid darns I saw there.

THE RED LIGHT.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

It was Christmas Eve.

Not one of the ideal Christmas Eves of poets and romance writers, wherein the moon is always at the full, the snow always a sparkle like pulverized diamonds, and the air always still and cold and clear, but a stormy twilight, with the snow driving steadily from the east, the wind raw and biting, and the sky—what you could see of it—black as ink.

But it was Christmas Eve, all the same, and Bertha Hooper's cheeks were as red as the bitter-sweet berries in the woods as she sat, all wrapped up, in the train that was steaming northward, on her way to spend Christmas with her Aunt Almira Higgins.

Christmas in the country! To Bertha, who had lived all her life in the brick walls and stone pavements of a city, the very words seemed to convey somewhat of cheer and joyousness. And Bertha, as she sat with her eyes closed, and her little gloved hands safely nestled into a gray squirrel muff, beheld in her mind's eye great fires of logs roaring up wide-throated chimneys, walls festooned with hemlock boughs and black-green tufts of mistletoe; and she had half composed a poem on Christmas and its cherished associations when the ruthless conductor came along for her ticket.

"How far are we from Montcourt-station?" she inquired, as she gave up the bit of pasteboard.

"Next but one, Miss," said the man, as he hurried on, with his lantern under his arm.

"Half an hour yet!"

She had never been so far from New York in all her life before. The driving rain in which she had left her home, had changed as they progressed northward into the steady fall of snow, which fluttered around them like a white waving shroud. But Bertha Hooper cared little for this. Had not Aunt Almira promised to send Zebedee, her youngest son, to the station with the pony to meet her on the arrival of the six-forty train from New York? And was not Zebedee to have a lantern with a red glass door to it, so she could identify him at once.

She was very pretty as she sat in her little black velvet toque, with its curling plume of cardinal red and the wine-red ribbon bow at her throat—pretty with the bloom and freshness of eighteen. She was dark, with large hazel eyes, almond-shaped and long-lashed, a clear, rosy bloom on either cheek, and wavy dark hair hanging in silken fringe over her broad, low forehead.

"Mont-Court—Station!"-bawled the brakeman, putting in a snow-powdered fur cap, and withdrawing it again as quickly as if he had been a mysterious edition of the Jack-in-the-box which children much rejoice at in holiday time. And Bertha Hooper knew that she had reached her destination.

Stiff and cramped from the length of time in which she had been sitting in one position, she rose up, with a little steel-clasped travelling-bag in one hand and a dainty silk umbrella in the other, and made her way to the door.

All she could see when she stepped out upon the wet and slippery platform, was a blur of driving snow, through which the lights of the solitary little country depot gleamed pitifully; but the next instant something flashed athwart her vision like a friendly red eye—and beneath the reflector over the station door, she saw a tall, fine-looking young man, in a fur-trimmed overcoat, a sealskin cap set jauntily on one side of a crop of chestnut curls, and a red-lighted lantern swinging from his left hand, as he stood straining his eyes into the stormy darkness, as if to catch sight of some familiar face in the little crowd.

"Cousin Zebedee!" cried Bertha, aloud, and she made one spring into the arms of this blonde-whiskered young giant. For had not she and Zebedee played dominoes and fox-and-geese together in the days when she wore blue ribbon sashes, and his hair was a closely-shorn nest of corrosty-coll? "Oh! Cousin Zebedee, I'm so glad to see you; and I hadn't any idea you had grown half so handsome!".

And she gave him a great hug, at the same time holding up her rosebud lips for a kiss.

But, to her infinite amazement, the hero of the sealskin cap seemed a little backward in responding to her cousinly advances.

"I—I beg your pardon," said he, slightly receding, "but I'm afraid there is some mistake. My name is not Zebedee, and the lady for whom I am looking is some years older than you."

Bertha Hooper started back, coloring and confused, and as she did so a fat, comfortable-looking old lady came trundling along the platform in an India shawl and a boa of Russia sable worth its weight in greenbacks.

"Charlie!" she cried, "I thought I never should find you. Is the carriage here?"

"All here and waiting, Aunt Effie," responded the young man; but he still hesitated a second as Bertha Hooper stood, with averted face and motionless figure, in the shadow of the building.

"Can I be of any service to you?" he asked. "If you are expecting friends who have failed to meet you——"

"Anybody here by the name of Bertha Hoo-ooper?" shouted a stentorian voice, and a tall, rain-bedabbled lad with a lantern—also lighted with red glass—rushed shuffling around the corner.

Zebedee himself! Zebedee, red-haired and shambling and awkward as he had been in the old fox-and-geese days.

"Oh!" said he, extending up his lantern so that the scarlet bird's wings flashed out like a spit of flame—scarcely more scarlet, alas, than Bertha's own face. "Here you be! I'm a little late, for the roads is so allfired bad, and I couldn't start the pony out of a walk. Come on. How do do? Be you very cold?"

"Zebedee," said Bertha, slipping almost hysterically to her cousin's arm, "who's that young gentleman with—with the other lantern?"

"Eh!" said Zebedee. "That feller with the old lady in a patchwork shawl?"

"Yes."

"It's Charley Harcourt, the squire's son," said Zebedee. "Just come from furrin parts!"

"Zebedee," said Bertha, with a curious little sound between a laugh and a sob, "put me into the cutter, quick; and drive me somewhere. I don't care where! Because——"

"Eh!" said Zebedee, staring hard at his cousin, as he packed the buffalo robe around her before touching up the laggard old pony.

"Because," added Bertha, in a species of desperation, "I took Mr. Harcourt for you; and I hugged him, and I kissed him."

"Is that all?" said philosophical Zebedee, he won't care!"

"No," said Bertha, "but I shall!"

"You ain't crying, be you?" said Zebedee, noting the quiver in his cousin's voice.

"How can I help it?" wailed poor Bertha.

"Weren't no fault o' ourn," said Zebedee, consolingly.

"Of course it wasn't," said Bertha, impatiently. "How was I to know that every lantern at Montcourt had a red glass door to it?"

And poor little Bertha cried herself to sleep that night.

The next morning—Christmas Day, all snowed up into glorious drifts everywhere—Mr. Harcourt drove over to the Higgins farmhouse. The young lady had dropped a fur glove on the platform, and Mr. Harcourt felt it his duty to restore it to her. And, moreover—here Mr. Charley Harcourt hesitated a little—he hoped Miss Hooper would excuse him for being so stupid as to allow her to fancy him her cousin.

"I ought to have explained sooner," said he. "No you ought not," said Bertha. "The fault was all mine."

"I don't recognize a fault anywhere," said he. "And if I am pardoned——"

"Of course you are!" said Bertha, rosier and prettier than ever.

"In that case, I am commissioned by my mother to ask my aunt's permission to take you over to help us finish dressing the church in time for morning service. My horse is waiting."

"May I go, Aunt Almira?" said Bertha, with sparkling eyes.

"Of course you may," said Aunt Almira.

And so poor Zebedee was left out in the cold.

What was the end of it all? There is but one sequel to stories like this, when youth and bright eyes and human hearts are concerned. The next Christmas Eve Bertha Hooper and Charley Harcourt were married. But the bridegroom never ceased declaring that Bertha did the first of the love-making.

And Bertha only laughs.

A Child's Gift.

"The most trifling gift is often the one to be valued most, and I have one that a king's ransom could not purchase," writes a gentleman who was once a teacher in a country school district. "I had among my pupils some years ago a singularly beautiful and winsome little girl named Mary. Her parents were dead, and she had the misfortune to live with a distant relative who made the child most unhappy by his cruel treatment. His wife was even more cruel to the helpless child, who was the most obedient and submissive of children.

"They allowed her to come to school three months during the coldest winter weather. She was always thinly clad, and I fear that her little tin lunch-pail seldom contained anything better than dry bread and cold potatoes.

"I tried to be very kind to her. I hope that I was.

"But I had a large school of bad boys and mischievous girls who sorely tried my patience, and who took up all my time, even at noon and recess hours.

"Mary was shy and sensitive, making few friends, and saying nothing when certain thoughtless and heartless girls ridiculed her shabby clothes.

"She had a way of twisting her thin white fingers together, and glancing around in a frightened, timid manner when she was thus taunted.

"I always went to the recess as soon as I could, and am not at all sorry now because I boxed certain ears very smartly on Mary's account.

"The week before Christmas she fell ill. I went to see her every evening after school, and her gratitude for these visits shone forth in her eyes. I feared from the first that she would never be well again, and I think she felt so herself, and was not sorry.

"I took her a few little gifts on Christmas morning, and after I had given them to her she slipped one thin white hand up under the pillow, and said:

"'I've got a little of something for you. It aint anything pretty. I'm most ashamed to offer it; but it will do for you to remember me by, and it's all I've got to give.'

"Her little slit contained of a small carnelian ring that could not have cost more than five cents.

"'I'd like to have you keep it,' she said in a whisper.

"And I have kept it among the things I treasure most.

"In another hour she was raving in delirium.

"'I wish, I do wish they'd stop it!' she cried. 'I wish they'd put a stop to my old clothes so! I hate so to put them on! I wish, I do wish, I could have—now—ones—some time!'

"Before the day was done, she had put on new clothes that never will wear old, nor lose their heavenly beauty; garments not fashioned by earthly hands."

The Message of the Bells.

Ring out ye bells of Christmas
A merry, joyous chime;
Wake all earth's sleeping nations
To hail the blessed time;
Let hills and valleys re-echo
The angel's song again;
Ring out the glorious tidings,
"Peace and good will to men."

"Good will to men." This the language of the bells—this the meaning of the day. My own heart, in loving gratitude, responds to the heaven-sent message, and I long for a more eloquent pen with which to express the thoughts that come crowding up "too thick for utterance." This blessed, holy Christmas time, what precious associations cluster about it! Even hearts unused to the melting mood—callousèd it may be, by a long continued, unequal conflict with the stern realities of life must, methinks, grow soft and tender with fond recollections of better, happier days: while youth, with future all untried, imbibes yet fairer hopes and brighter anticipations from the glorious halo surrounding this gayest holyday of the year.

And how meet and fitting it seems to cast aside the cares and sorrows of life, in loving observance of the Christmas tide that gave a Savior to the world. Oh, hearts be glad, rejoice and

If counting o'er the vanished years
Thou findest they have brought to thee
True love for God and man,
Then let thy heart be glad!"

Christmas Mince Pie.

In the old time, says Charles Dudley Warner, the Christmas season properly began on the 16th of December (Osmas-Eve) in the Prayer-book calendar as O Sapientia) and ended January 6, with Twelfth-night. When the learned Dr. Parr was asked what day in December it was proper to begin eating mince pie he answered: "Begin on O Sapientia, but please to say Christmas pie, not mince pie—mince pie is Puritanical." If there is any merit in eating mince pie, as this association of it with the holy season seems to imply, then we have a certain test of the piety of the Pilgrims to New England, for they and their descendants did not hesitate to eat mince pie any day in the year they could get it and had so much reason that they could take it with impunity for breakfast on a summer morning.

CHRISTMAS WAIFS AND STRAYS

A BATCH OF HOLIDAY HUMOR GATHERED IN FROM ALL QUARTERS.

HIS MARY.

'Twas Christmas night, ten years ago,
(Two weeks had I been courting),
When first my lips pressed Mary Jane's—
Great glory, how transporting:

I saw no mistletoe that night;
I did not care a flinder
If every yule log in the land
Were burned down to a cinder.

The sun, the moon, the earth, the stars,
The tender Christmas tidings—
Oh, what were these at such a time
To our love's sweet confidings?

To-day three chubby, handsome boys
Are romping in my airy,
Their father was my college chum,
Their mother was my Mary.

THE LANDLADY'S CHRISTMAS.

"Ah," sighed Mrs. Hendricks, the landlady, as she rested for a moment on the lounge, "what a glorious time of the year is Christmas! I enjoyed the holiday so much!"

"I fail to see what enjoyment Christmas Day could have had for you," growled her discontented husband.

"What!" she exclaimed; "don't you remember?"

"Remember? No; I don't remember anything."

"Why, the boarders were all invited out, and we had a picked-up dinner.

THE SAVE SIDE.

"No, George," she said, "I cannot marry you. I shall always esteem you as a friend, but I cannot be your wife."

George hesitated. "Clara," he said, brokenly, "will you grant me one favor before I go alway forever?"

"Yes, George," she replied, kindly. "What is it?"

"Please put your refusal down on paper and let me have it for a Christmas present. I shall esteem it very highly and feel safer about it."

BEFORE AND AFTER.

Dot vas leedle Jakey's shtomack
Ven de Krismas day begun:

Up dot vas Jakey's shtomack
Ven dot Krismas day vas done.

GETTING MONOTONOUS.

Lady (to tramp at the door)—Certainly, my poor man. Just go around to the kitchen door and the cook will give you a nice piece of roast turkey and some mince pie.

Tramp—(with disgust)—There it goes again; turkey an' mince pie! I ain't had nuthin' but turkey an' mince pie for a week back. I'll be glad when the holidays are over.

HANGING UP TIME.

"Well, Bobby," said the minister at dinner, "I suppose you expect to hang up your stocking?"

"Oh, yes," replied Bobby.

"And will your papa and mamma and sister hang up their stockings, too?"

"Ma and sister will, but pa says he will have to hang up his watch."

SO SOON.

"I think, Charlie," said Mrs. Smallface to her youthful, "I shall put you into long trousers very soon."

"But not until after Christmas, ma."

"Why not?"

"Oh, because you know, ma, I shall have to go into short stockings, and they don't hold much."

NOT SINCERE.

"He is not a sincere Christian."

"What brought you to that conclusion? You ought to be more liberal minded this blessed Christmas time."

"He don't do as he would be done by."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because he bought my boy a drum."

LONGINGS.

I would I were a boy again,
Back in the old home, quaint and dear;
With Christmas coming, now and then,
Say about nineteen times a year,
And that I wore, brand new and whole,
Stockings as long as a telegraph pole.

DING-A-DONG.

Those Christmas bells, those Christmas bells!
How sweet and clear their music swells!
They swell our hearts with joyous thrills,
They swell likewise our New Year bills.

"Cold or warm, whatever it be,
A right Merry Christmas I wish to thee."

On Christmas Eve the right stocking was never left.

Smallest stockings are often first filled by Santa Claus.

No stocking is so small that Santa Claus will overlook it.

As the Christmas tree is bent so are the presents inclined.

Theatres and churches are now undergoing interior decoration.

A Christmas goose—the man who thinks Santa Claus a fraud.

Santa Claus never swears, but he often exclaims "By shimeny!"

Christmas greens—The people who pay double price at stores which never advertise.

Know all men by these presents (Christmas presents) that the milk of human kindness is still sweet.

The ghost of Christmas past now haunts the man who feels too poor to make his wife a Christmas present.

It will be a mean husband who will put a live mouse in the stocking which his wife hangs up on Christmas Eve.

What with all the stockings he has to fill, some people think Santa Claus should come in a hose carriage instead of a sleigh.

The goose by its cackling once saved Rome. It has since saved a good many Christmas dinners, but the guests at the table have done all the cackling.

James Sullivan hung up his stocking on Christmas Eve and his employer dropped a $500 bill into it, but owing to his wife's neglect it slipped out of a large hole in the toe and was lost. We publish this item in the interest of the sex.

"If you could get whatever you wished, what would you wish for?" was asked one Christmas day of a little girl who had just finished her plum pudding. She eyed the remnants of the feast reflectively for a moment and then replied, decisively: "I'd just wish that I could be very hungry again."

"What are you going to give your wife for a Christmas present this year?" asked a bluff man of a friend the other day. "I've been thinking," he replied. "I hardly know what to do. You see I want a new overcoat, but if I give my wife much of a present I can't afford to get it. I've got a scheme, though, that I think will work. I'll give my wife a twenty-dollar gold piece Christmas morning as a present, see, and in a few days I'll borrow it, and buy a coat. How does that strike you, hey?"—*Omaha Bee.*

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Norway, Me.

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S. B. & Z. S. PRINCE,
116 Main Street, - - Norway, Me.

been cured of rheumatism and neuralgia by its use.

William Foye of East Sumner, has received an increase of pension.

with the well-known Florists. W. E. Morton & Co., of Portland, to promptly fill all Orders. 6-1y

NOYES' DRUG STORE, Norway, Me.

LOST A lady's cloak between Norway Village and the farm of Roswell Frost. The finder will confer a favor by leaving the cloak at J. W. Everett's meat market.

Studs, and Cuff Buttons in gold and Plate for Gents.

HORACE COLE, Jeweler, Norway, Me. 50tf

and see if we cannot back up all we say. Yours truly,

A. C. GREENE & CO.

NEW SPECIMENS EVERY WEEK IN P. O.

SWAN & COBB, the Photographers

OF NORWAY, ME.

Oxford County Advertiser.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1886.

NORWAY AND VICINITY.

Gold rings at Hill's, the new Jeweler.*
Sleds and baby sleighs at Crockett's.*
Mont Hollis has moved here from West Sumner.
Holiday goods at C. N. Tubbs'. *
Minnie Ackerly of Gorham, N. H., is in town.
Don't forget the handkerchief sale at S. B. & Z. S. Prince's. *
Perfume of all kinds. Perfume cases. Smoking sets at Crockett's. *
Charles L. Cummings is driving Geo. Dunham's meat cart.
Finest display of useful presents in town at Crockett's. *
A. E. Morrison's little son has been very sick.
Books for any body at Crockett's. *
John Bumpus is very sick.
Toys, sleds and baby sleighs at Noyes' Drug Store. *
L. R. Hall is visiting at Gardiner and Bangor.
Millinery is very low at Mrs. Moore's to close out winter stock. *
Beautiful cups and saucers for moustached humanity at S. L. Crockett's. *
Collars, cuffs, shirts, neck-ties of every variety at Huntington & Co's.
D. A. Cummings of Albany, was in town Monday.
All the popular brands of chewing and smoking tobacco at Nevers'. *
Annie Parker is teaching the Grammar school.
Don't lay this paper down till you have read Hill's ad. *
Mrs. Mary Bartlett has been very sick.
Story books, cards and toilet sets at Crockett's Drug Store. *
A. D. True has been on the sick list for the past few days.
You will find bargains in hosiery, underwear and gloves at Mrs. Moore's store.
Swan & Cobb, the leading photographer.
A full line of bath towels, handkerchiefs, napkins, etc., at C. N. Tubbs'. *
Mr. and Mrs. Stiles of West Bethel, have been in town caring for their son, Albert, who has been very sick.
Sittings made on or before the 21st will be finished for Christmas at Swan & Cobb's. *
Pomona Grange meeting at Norway the *second* Tuesday in January, instead of first as reported last week.
Brooks & Buck still continue to sell 15 pounds of standard granulated sugar for $1.00, 7½ pounds for 50 cts. Oh, my! *
Horace Sanborn and brother, sons of David Sanborn, have moved from Fall City, Washington Territory, to Arizona.
Read Webb & Wakefield's Christmas advertisement in this issue. *
We understand Eddie Rich is to run the fish business heretofore conducted by J. S. Holt.
Swan & Cobb will exhibit some work in the post-office Saturday, which will excell all their past work. *
Mufflers at Huntington & Co.'s from 50 cents to $2 apiece. Just the thing for a present.
J. H. Cotton recently killed a 15 months old hog that weighed 432 pounds. Nat Frost slaughtered one that weighed 530 pounds. The age of Mr. Frost's hog we did not learn.
A large line of silk handkerchiefs, hand bags, fur sets, tidies and table scarfs at Whitcomb & Swiley's.
Otis Jones and family, who have been visiting Mrs. Jones' sister, M. Ellen Frost, returned to Boston last week. Mr. Jones' family spend a portion of every summer in our village.
Visit Old St. Nicholas at S. L. Crockett's and see what he has in stock to amuse and instruct old and young. *
Mrs. Simeon Drake has gone to Massachusetts, where she will spend Christmas. She will visit at North Weymouth and Manchester-by-the-Sea.
Studio of Swan & Cobb will be open Christmas day, and all sittings made before the 28th will be finished New Year's Eve. *
For Holiday candies go to Brooks & Buck's where you can buy mixed candies for 15 cents per pound, two pounds for a quarter.
A Chicago clergyman asks: "Can a man be a Christian and at the same time a successful business man?" He can if he advertises largely. C. G. Mason, Norway Hardware Emporium. *
Call at Swan & Cobb's Studio, buy an order for one dozen Imperials and present it to your friend. *
Rev. Caroline E. Angell preached an excellent sermon from Luke xiii, 23 and 24th verses last Sunday afternoon to a good audience.
If you want an ice cream chocolate go to Brooks & Buck's, who keep a full line of confectionary. *
A number of our people were thinking of attending the Henry M. Stanley lecture at Portland. He has, however, cancelled his lecture engagements and sailed for Europe Wednesday, by request of the King of the Belegians.
S. B. & Z. S. Prince are showing a beautiful line of silk umbrellas, some with handles of natural wood, others with gold and silver mountings. With one of these no lady will be afraid to brave even Norway storms. *
The Ladies' Universalist Circle will meet at Concert Hall Tuesday afternoon and evening of next week. Work for the ladies in the afternoon, promenade in the evening. All are invited.
Sweet and sour milk for sale at Nevers' Dining Rooms. Also oyster crackers, figs and dates. *
Mrs. M. E. Woodsum has been in Boston this week buying lots of goods. Call and see presents to be given away. Big ad. next week.
Young man, go to Hill's, the New Jeweler, and purchase your sweet heart, sister or mother a present. *
Royall Caldwell's horse died of heart disease while being driven last Friday evening.
Call at Webb & Wakefield's and see their fine display of neck-wear, mufflers, etc. *
S. S. Packard says he has finished his house on Paris Street and now has two tenements in it ready to occupy. Rent $8.00 per tenement. See ad.
For portraits executed in the best style of the art of photography call at Miss Libby's on Deering street. Best work and lowest prices. See ad.
David Smiley has commenced to speculate in stocks. He recently bought a share in the Norway Branch railroad, giving therefor one silk handkerchief; value, $1.00
If you want a good custom made suit select pattern and leave your measure at J. F. Huntington & Co.'s, Norway.
Capt. W. A. Ripley, sole leather cutter at the new shoe shop, cut off the index finger of the left hand last Friday afternoon. The Captain is doing well as could be expected. He has operated as a cutter a number of years and this is his first accident.
Robes of all kinds at C. S. Tucker's. Buy one and make a present to your friend. Best robes and lowest prices at Tucker's.
Band Concert and Ball at Norway Hall next Friday evening, the 24th. See posters. The Boys want to realize $50 or so above expenses, so as to liquidate their obligations incurred in the Band Tournament last August.
Lockets at Hill's, the new Jeweler. *
Cloak lost. See ad.
George Pendexter of North Conway is visiting at the Noyes' Drug store.
Full line of ready-made clothing, hats, caps, etc., at J. F. Huntington & Co's.
The case of the vs. Marshall S. Long on complaint of Lucy F. McKeen who alleged assault and battery was tried before Judge Whitman Tuesday. Hon. A. S. Kimball appeared for the State and Hon. H. M. Bearce of Bearce & Stearns, for the defence. Decision reserved until next term of the municipal court.
There is just an elegant line of Holiday goods at Noyes' Drug Store this year; and more of them, too, than were ever before collected together in any one place in this part of the State. It is well worth one's time to examine this immense collection before even thinking of buying a present. Additions to this stock are *
made daily.
anch Studios of Swan & Cobb will opened personally about the second in January. Charles R. Smith will te their Norway Studio during their ce of two or three weeks. *
Heavy ulsters at Webb & Wakefield's.*
Notice Hill's, the Jeweler's ad. *
Visit Nevers' and bring the children when looking for holiday presents. *
Jewelry at Hill's, the new Jeweler. *
School children's book cases at Crockett's. Norway. *
W. H. Benson of Arizona Territory, son of W. S. Benson of this village, has presented to the Public Library a book entitled "Resources of Arizona." The book has been placed on the shelves of the Library and numbered 1166.
Work-baskets, brush-holders with and without brushes, plush and velvet cases of all kinds at S. L. Crockett's. *
Lace pins at Hill's, the new Jeweler. *
Prunes best quality at Nevers'—excellent for Christmas pies; also raisins of all kinds and spices. *
Christmas trade is brisk at Mrs. W. Moore's. *
Brooks & Buck had a new sign hung in front of their store Tuesday. It is a very modest, neat looking sign of gold letters on a dark blue ground. It was painted by George Small.
Chains at Hill's, the new Jeweler. *
Hazelton has forty-two couples at his dancing school in Norway Hall. The school will be on Friday evening of this week.
Sleds, sleighs, banks, safes, books, games, dolls and school books at Crockett's Drug Store. *
Bracelets at Hill's, the new Jeweler. *
Overcoats cheap for cash at Webb & Wakefield's. *
Silver watches at Hill's, the new jeweler.
Christmas comes but once a year and J. C. Bennett & Co., the ever popular market men, have scoured the country for the best goods in their line. The best of everything to eat can be found at J. C. B. & Co's. They recently killed an ox for Christmas trade that weighed nearly 1100 pounds.
Silverware at Hill's, the new Jeweler.*
Temperance meeting at the Methodist church next Sunday eve at 7 o'clock. singing by the church choir.
Candies for the Christmas trade, long and short sticks and candy animals at A J. Nevers'. *
Shall you purchase a Christmas present? If so call at Hill's before buying. *
Fur caps at Webb & Wakefield's. *
Brackett's Branch have the largest and best assortment of goods in their line at lower prices than elsewhere in town. Read their ad. and see the special bargains. No one should fail to call at Brackett's opposite Elm House when out shopping. *
Gold pens at Hill's, the new Jeweler.*
The "Oxford Book Store" was the title of the first establishment of that kind in Norway founded more than sixty years ago. The same name has been adopted by Mr. Houghton and an Oxford Bear has been selected as the trade mark. An elegant assortment of books and stationery from the leading houses of New York is now on the way and new "Oxford Book Store" will be open for business in a very few days.
Presents suitable for young and old can be found at Hill's, the new Jeweler. *
C. E. Rines, the Norway Baker, is making and wholesaling confectionery of all kinds. Mr. Plummer, who is a practical confectioner and knows the business thoroughly, is in company with him. You should try their fresh candy. Their caramels are the best in the market. Call at the bakery and try some. All goods are delivered on the teams.
Buy your presents at Hill's and be happy. *
The Norway Brass Band are to give a Concert and Ball Friday, Christmas eve, in Norway Hall. The concert will be under the direction of Frank L. Collins, of Portland. Music for dancing will be furnished by Young's Orchestra. Concert to commence at 8 o'clock; grand march at 9. Tickets $1.00 per couple; gallery 25 cents. All seats reserved. Oyster supper at the Beal's House.
Dry goods, groceries, carpetings, etc., at C. N. Tubbs'.
Gold watches at Hill's, the new jeweler.
Visit Crockett's at once and select your presents. *
Better look over Hill's ad. in this issue.
Isaac P. Noyes of Greenwood, has an excellent farm adjoining the Norway line. Eighteen years ago he sold his farm on Patch mountain and purchased the one where he now lives. It was considerably run out when he moved on to it, but every year since he has continued to make improvements and has bought other land adjoining. The farm now contains two hundred acres. During the past year he and his boys alone have put in sixty-five rods of underdraining, a nice cellar to his barn, made a double-floored tie up with all the modern improvements, a sap camp sixteen by twenty-four feet and a general cleaning up of his sugar orchard of about five hundred trees has been made. The bushes beside the road have been cut, and everything about his farm looks neat and tidy. Mr. Noyes is one of the best farmers of Greenwood. Dr. Noyes of this town is his son.
A veritable Santa Claus has come into S. L. Crockett's show window and has taken possession of his whole store. He wears a bear-skin overcoat, wool boots, a long white beard and mittens. He sends us a letter written in a scrawling hand, with a stub pen or broken match, we can't tell which; and he evidently never attended school in this vicinity as he murders the King's English and can't spell anything. He says: "my Dear Advertising: tell Oxford County childrens and adjoining towns I am kum to Krokett's Drug store, Norway, Me., with all my nu and prtty presents, and thus I want to see all the childrens, their Fathers and their mothers, brothers, sisters, at my Head Quarters in the next ten Days at Crockett's. Presents for every body. Yours truly: SANTA CLAUS, at Kroket's, Norway, for 15 days. Kum early and sea, at Krowkett's Norway, Me., Main St., U. S. A.. N. A." We are actually ashamed of Old St. Nick's letter, but then it won't do to get him mad with us, as he wouldn't give us any of his presents, so we print his letter just as he wrote it. If we dared we should like to send the old fellow a dictionary and grammar, and give him a few lessons in penmanship. It won't do as he might resent it.

Death from Heart Disease.

The body of John L. Woodsum of Oxford was found near C. B. Cummings' woodshed on Whitman Street last Tuesday morning. He had been dead some hours when discovered. Mr. W. and team was discovered by Charles Morgan and Isaac Wing. The coroner's inquest showed that Mr. Woodsum, Monday afternoon at about 4 o'clock, was seen unloading wood into Cummings' shed near where the body was found. Only about half the wood on the sled was thrown off. The horses had wandered around the yard during the night and had got cast in such a manner as to be unable to get up. Nothing about the deceased had been disturbed.
Coroner A. P. Bassett summoned a jury of Samuel Favor, E. W. Howe, Dr. G. F. Jones, C. S. Tucker, Aaron Paige, G. A. Cole, H. M. Bearce, Dr. C. L. Pike, and Dr. A. N. French. The investigation showed that death was the result of heart disease. Two brothers of the deceased had died of heart trouble and the deceased had been for some time under the care of a physician for the same trouble. The body was taken to the residence of Elias Woodsum where the inquest was held, after which it was put under the charge of Worshipful Master S. R. Knowland, of Oxford Lodge F. and A. M., of which order he was a member.
The funeral under the auspices of the Masons occurred at his late residence in Oxford, Thursday noon and he was buried in the Norway Pine Grove Cemetery.

Communication.

MR. EDITOR.—After having visited several places where I expected to see a fine display and not being disappointed, dropped by chance into Hatch's, was happily surprised and almost astonished to see his store both in quality and quantity. Think he deserves your patronage and hope you will call and see him as such a store should be supported.
A LOOKER ON.

The pain-banisher is a name applied to St. Jacob's Oil, by the millions who have been cured of rheumatism and neuralgia by its use.
William Foye of East Sumner, has received an increase of pension.

SOUTH PARIS.

The village High School closed last week.
Charles Prescott now has a flange plough attachment to his hand-car.
A covered way from the paint shop to the carpenter's shop has been added to the Paris Manufacturing Company's buildings; also one from the saw-mill to the steam-rooms.
We hear that a Dr. Elliott from Woburn, Mass., has moved into the village.
An Arins Palace Horse Car was on the siding in this village the present week. The comfort of this car would make glad any strong member of the society of the long name. The windows are covered with wire screens, and the inside fitted up with stalls and feed cribs. We wish that all live-stock cars could be made in this way and also that a live-stock watering station could be made here.
Tobogganing is becoming more and more popular. The Paris Manufacturing Company received an order for one hundred one day last week.
Jacob Nichols is confined to the house with sickness.
John Pierce has opened a branch jewelry store in Bethel.
The Pullman Palace Car Company are building some very fine passenger cars for the Grand Trunk. We hear they are to be run on this end of the line, probably between Portland and Lewiston.
A telegram was received in this village last week announcing the burning of the sled factory at Binghampton, New York, and the perishing in the flames of the superintendent, Charles J. Presby. Mr. Presby was formerly foreman of the paint shop in the Paris Manufacturing Company. He went to Binghampton in 1877 to take charge of the Binghampton Sled Company's paint shop and two years ago was elected superintendent. Mr. Presby was a skilful ornamental painter and at one time run John Cummings' paint shop in this village.
We hear that the C. L. S. C. numbers about twenty members, who are enthusiastic in their studies. We hope the number may be much increased. Mr. Perry has very kindly given them the free use of his collection of minerals.
Rev. W. H. H. Ventres of Canton, and his son William were in town last week.
We understand that there is a prospect of the Paris Manufacturing Company adding the window shade business to their other industries.
Rev. H. E. Foss of Bath, formerly of the Methodist church of this village, lectured here the 15th.
J. B. Brackett, of Leeds' Junction, agent of the Washington Life Insurance Company of New York, was in town last week taking risks.
A collection for the Baptist Free Bed in the Maine General Hospital, in Portland, will be taken up at the Baptist church next Sunday.
Photographs of shop crews in the village were taken last Thursday.
Freeman C. Merrill has just received a patent on a new swivel plough which he has invented.
George A. Talbot of Chapman, Kansas, in a letter to the Lewiston *Journal* has the following concerning two Paris boys: —Joseph M. Clifford is a Paris boy who came to Kansas in 1884 and is engaged in the mercantile business. Having a natural turn for the business he takes delight in pleasing his patrons and although he has been in the business less than a year he has built up a good trade for himself. Honesty is a strict business principle with him and that coupled with his energy is sure to win for him a foremost position among our merchants. He also is found ever active on the side of morality. Another Paris boy, H. A. Knight has been running the meat market for the past four years. He is, to use a western phrase, "a rustler," in every sense of the word, who deals honestly with his fellow man.
The Baptist church in connection with the church in Paris Hill has, so we understand, extended a call to Rev. W. C. Barrows, of Lewiston, to become its pastor. Rev. Mr. Barrows is one of the finest preachers in the State and the church would do well to secure his services.
A brakeman had his finger crushed at this station last week.
C. E. Richardson, of the firm of Richardson & Stearns, Minneapolis, formerly of the firm of S. Richardson & Co., of this village, is in town.
The officers of the Paris Grange are as follows:—H. E. Chase, Master; W. K. Green, Overseer; Charles Edwards, Sec.; Hosea Rooney, Steward; Edward Rycrson, Asst. Steward; Mrs. Carrie Briggs, Lecturer; Joseph Wheeler, Chaplain. There are other officers to be elected at next meeting.
The funeral of Mrs. Sarah R. Stowell, relict of the late Major Rufus Stowell, occurred Sunday at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Nathan M. Crockett, Rev. S. Hooper officiated.
The corporation have voted to accept the water works of the Norway Water Company and to purchase seven hundred feet of hose, and provide quarters for them.

RUMFORD CENTRE.

Abbott & Bennett are getting along nicely on their steam mill. They will soon have it running. The birch and board logs begin to arrive. They have moved their families into the Penley house.
Mrs. R. C. Doloff is very sick yet.
Henry Hutchins is teaching school in district No. 8.
The crossing on the ice is not very good.
J. E. Stevens has a large assortment of Christmas goods.
The "Jolly Club" of Rumford and vicinity will present the Operatta "Gyp Jr.," at the town hall, Rumford Center, Monday evening Dec. 20th. Admission to the hall 20 cents; children, 10 cents. Doors open 6:30 o'clock, curtain rises 7:30. Cast of characters.

Granny Gyp,	Mrs. Nellie Hutchins.
Gyp Junior,	Miss Emma Pitcher.
Francis,	Miss Eva Stevens.
Lillie,	Mrs. Emma Rolfe.
First Tramp,	Pearl Andrews.
Second Tramp,	Chas Frost.

Chorus of school children.
The East Andover Dramatic Co. will give a musical and dramatic entertainment in Town Hall next Wednesday evening. The drama "Down by the Sea," with a strong cast of characters will be presented. Admission 15 cents. Curtain rises at 7:30 o'clock. See hangers.

BIRTHS.

In South Paris, Dec. 1, to the wife of N. D. Bolster, a daughter.
In Albany, Dec. 5, to the wife of W. E. Herrick, a daughter.
In Albany, Dec. 6, to the wife of James Bennett, a son.
In Albany, to the wife of Freeman Stanley, a daughter.
In Roxbury, Dec. 3, to the wife of L. A. Thomas, a daughter.

MARRIAGES

In Paris, Dec. 12, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. S. Hooper, Leroy B. Abbott and Julia E. Briggs, both of Paris.
In Norway, Dec. 11, by H. Upton, esq., Chas. H. Knowland and Etta J. Kimball, both of Harrison.
In Canton, Dec. 2, Geo. Blanchard of Cumberland and Anna M. Childs of Canton.
In Harrison, Dec. 2, Emil J. Brackett and Kate O. Bailey, both of Harrison.
In Canton, Nov. 24, by Rev. F. Blake, H. C. Adkins and Lena M. Gines.

DEATHS.

In Norway, Dec. 14, John L. Woodsum.
In Canton, Dec. 10, Mrs. Fidelia, wife of Zeri Mayford, aged 81 years.
In Lovell, Dec. 1, David Coffin, aged 85 years.
In South Paris, Dec. 10, Mrs. Sarah R. Stowell, aged 89 years.
In Albany, Dec. 7, Eben Upton, aged 78 yrs.
In East Bethel, Dec. 4, infant child of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Dorr.
In Welchville, Dec. 11, Abial Pratt, aged 88 years.
In Hanover, Dec. 4, Frank Armsby Ivons, aged 15 years.
In Canton, Dec. 5, Mrs. Ann Lawrence, wife of John Small, aged 80 years, 6 months and 5 days.
In Poland, Dec. 8, Mrs. Abigail C. True, wife of William Rowe, aged 74 years, 2 months.
In Mexico, Dec. 15, Mrs. Wm. H. Hoi'.
In Hartford, Dec. 3, Mrs. Mary Ann, wife of John Y. Wood, aged 35 years.

FLOWERS! Wreaths. Crosses. Pillows, Etc., Etc., for Funerals, of the Finest Fresh Flowers at Low Prices. Also roses and other Flowers for Balls, Parties, Etc. We have made arrangements with the well-known Florists, W. E. Morton & Co., of Portland, to promptly fill all Orders. 6-ly
NOYES' DRUG STORE,
Norway, Me.

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or my leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well." Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25 cents a box, at Noyes' Drug Store.

The place
to buy your
Christmas Presents is at the Clothing store of J. F. HUNTINGTON & CO., where you will find a large assortment of Silk and Cashmere Mufflers, Linen Hemstiched and Silk Handkerchiefs, Neck-ties, Ear Muffs, Colars, Cuffs, Cardigans, Suspenders, Under Clothing, and lots of other useful gifts. Big bargains in OVERCOATS. Large Stock of FUR CAPS, at low prices. Suits at Bed Rock Bargains in Children's Overcoats. Custom Work made to order, in the Latest Styles, and at Lowest prices!!!!!!!

☞Call and examine our Goods before purchasing.

J. F. HUNTINGTON & CO.
Norway BLock, - - Norway, Me.

HAVE YOU CALLED AT S. Richards THE JEWELER SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

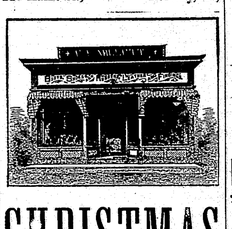
He has the largest assortment of Ladies Gold Watches in Oxford County. Sold on easy terms, call and examine.
S. RICHARDS SO. PARIS ME.

IT IS A FACT
THAT WE ARE SELLING A BETTER
MOLASSES
For 35 Cents,
Than can be bought at any other place
For 40 Cents.
That our 45 Cent Molasses Cannot be Beat at any Price!

IF YOU
Cannot get **T** which suits you, give us a call, and if our best TEA does not give satisfaction, your money will be refunded.

Our True Grit and Greensboro'
Roller * Flour,
will please every cook, at prices that will astonish buyers.

A FULL LINE OF
CANNED GOODS
ALWAYS ON HAND.
Teas and Coffees a Specialty.
☞All Goods Warranted! Weights and measures guaranteed.
BROOKS & BUCK,
140 Maine St., - - Norway, Me,



CHRISTMAS
SLIPPERS!
—IN—
Great Abundance
—AT—
MILLETT & FULLER'S,
112 Main St., - - NORWAY, ME.

TWO TENEMENTS To Rent in S. S. Packard's New House on Paris Street. Four Room Suits at $8 00 per month. 51-3

LOST A lady's cloak between Norway Village and the farm of Roswell Frost. The finder will confer a favor by leaving the cloak at J. W. Everett's meat market.

C. S. CUMMINGS'
HAS THE LARGST AMOUNT
—O-OF-O—
CHRISTMAS GOODS!
Ever in Stock Consisting of
EASY & PATENT ROCKING CHAIRS
Upholstered in Imitation Ra Silk, Hair Cloth, Crushed and Brocaded Plushes
and Spun Silk, also a fine line of
RATTAN CHAIRS
LOUNGES IN PLUSHES, RAW SILK, HAIR CLOTH, TAPESTRY, TAPESTRY VELVET, ETC., ETC.
FURNITURE ROOMS
CHILDREN'S CHAIRS!
In variety, also new patterns in
CAMP CHAIRS!
Parlor Sets in Hair Cloth, Brocaded and Crushed Plush, These are all fresh goods which we have and must
Sell. Prices will be the Lowest.
WARRANTED AS
LOW OR LOWER
Than can be Bought in the Cities.
All goods sold will be Delivered Free to any station on the line of the G. T. R.
NORWAY, - MAINE.

MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY
—OF—
HOLIDAY
—GOODS!—
The Largest Collection
—OF—
ELEGANT PRESENTS
Ever Witnessed in Norway!
THE EXHIBITIONS
—OF—
CHRISTMAS & NEW YEARS'
—GOODS!—
Of Previous Years ECLIPSED!
☞Anything and Everything in the category of
Holiday Presents!
You Cannot Fail to be Suited!!
You Cannot Come too Soon!!!
PRICES EXCEEDINGLY LOW AT
NOYES' DRUG STORE, NORWAY, ME.

WATCHES,
Clocks and Jewelry!
The Largest Stock, Lowest Prices and the GREATEST VARIETY, ever in the County.
—SOLID SILVER AND PLATED—
Knives, Forks, Spoons, Casters, Pickle Jars, Cake Baskets, Fruit Knives, and Nut Picks, for
WEDDING AND CHRISTMAS
PRESENTS!
Egnagement Rings in plain, flat and oval band, solid gold Rings, in Pearl and Diamond, Children's and Misses' Engraved and Flat Band and Stone Rings, Bracelets, Bar Pins, Collar Studs, Diamond and Plain Gold for Ladies' Colars, Studs, and Cuff Buttons in gold and Plate for Gents.
HORACE COLE, Jeweler,
50tf Norway, Me.

STILL AHEAD!
Our DOW'S Extra FLOUR never varies, and will stand the test of the best housewife when all others fail. Try it for once and be convinced.
☞Fresh GROCERIES and Canned Goods arriving every day, and we can sell as LOW as the lewest.
Our Selected TEAS and Pure COFFEES, we boast of, and if you are in want of a good cup of Tea or Coffee, come to the neatest Grocery in town and get one lb. of any of our choice grades and see if we cannot back up all we say. Yours truly,
A. C. GREENE & CO.

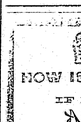
GRAND DISPLAY!
—OF—
HOLIDAY FANCY GOODS!
—AND GREAT—
BARGAIN SALE
—OF ALL—
DRY AND FANCY GOODS!
FOR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS AT
BRACKETT'S BRANCH, OPP. ELM HOUSE, NORWAY.

Great Bargains to be Offered in all Departments. Goods useful as well as Ornamental and just the thing for Holiday Gifts. All to be sold for very low prices to clear them out in the next two weeks, as we do not believe in carrying over stock to another season.

SEE SPECIAL BARGAINS TO BE OFFERED AT THIS GREAT SALE.

Bargains in handkerchiefs, 50 dozen fancy handkerchiefs at only 2 cts., very cheap. 25 doz. handkerchiefs at 5 cts. 25 doz. Ladies' hemmed stitched colored borders at 8 and 10 cts. 100 doz. of Ladies and Gents' fancy handkerchiefs from 5 cts. to $1.00. Fully 20 per cent. under price. Ladies' and Gents' Silk handkerchiefs from 15 cts. to $1.50. All new designs. Nice assortment of Gents' mufflers at very low prices.
Bargains in Towels. 1 lot of Fancy Towels at 8 cts., worth 12½. 1 lot of Fancy all linen extra size at 10, 11½ and 15, fully worth 20 cts. The best bargain of all, 50 doz. extra large size, fancy bordered, netted fringe at only 25 cts., fully worth 50 cts.
Holiday Novelties. Glove Boxes, Work Boxes, Shaving Sets, Hand Mirrors, Toilet Sets, Cuff Boxes, Brush Cases, Tidies, Table Covers, Pillow Shams, all at very low prices.
Bargains in Dress Goods. 1000 yards of all wool Novelty Dress Goods, full 1½ yds. wide, at only 62½ cts. Worth from 87 to $1.50, and all of our other Dress Goods marked down in the same proportion.
Cloaks, Cloaking and Shawls and Skirts marked down fully 33⅓ per cent. to clean up the stock in the next two weeks.
Print Department. All of our best Prints in Indigo Blues, Pinks, Buffs and all Fancy Dress styles, to be sold at the low price of 5 cts. through this sale.
Bargains in Ginghams. 1 lot at only 6¼ cents, worth 10. 1 lot at only 8 cts. fully worth 12½.
Ladies' Gents' and Misses' underwear of all kinds marked down 25 per cent. to clean up stock in the next 2 weeks as much as possible. Be sure and see our 35 cts. Ladies' Undervest for it is a bargain never sold less than 50 cts.
Blanket Department. 1 lot of Colored Blankets at only 60 cts., worth double the money. 1 lot of White and Colored Blankets at only $1.00 per pair, very cheap. 100 prs. of White and Colored Blankets, extra large size, from $1.50 to $3.00 pr. Fully 25 per cent. less than market price.
Extra Bargains in Horse Blankets through this sale.
Fur Department. Ladies' Muffs and Collars less than half price to clean up stock.
Ladies' Hoods at bargains for the next two weeks.
Hamburg edges, Laces, Corsets, Gloves and Hosiery all marked down. All marked down to clear up stock as much as possible in the next two weeks.

Be sure and visit this Great Sale, for it will interest Everybody as the prices are exceedingly low. Please remember we always have what we advertise, and plenty of it. Everything warranted as represented or money refunded. Remember this Great Bargain Sale is at
BRACKETT'S BRANCH, OPP. ELM HOUSE, NORWAY.



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and in this lead over all. Only think of it, $20.00 Photos for $5.00 per dozen, size 8 by 10 inches.
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But at the present time he makes a specialty of
Cooking and Heating Stoves, Ranges,
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MARK DOWN!
On Monday December 20th,
We shall mark down all Garments left in our Stock.
Here is a rare chance to buy a CHRISTMAS PRESENT for a lady or child, as we still have a good assortment of new and stylish Wraps, and Jackets.
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Artemus Ward.

Is he gone to the land of no laughter—
This man that has made mirth for us all?
Proves death but a silent hereafter
From the sounds that delight or appall?
Once closed, have the lips no more duty?
No more pleasure the exquisite ears?
Has the heart done o'erflowing with beauty,
As the eyes have with tears?

Nay, if aught be sure, what can be surer
Than that earth's good decays not with earth?
And of all the heart springs none are purer
Than the springs of the fountain of mirth.
He that sounds them has pierced the heart's billows—
The places where tears are and sleep—
For the foam flakes that dance in life's shallow
Are wrung from life's deep.

He came with a heart full of gladness,
From the glad hearted world of the West—
Won our laughter, but not with mere madness—
Spake and joked with us, not in mere jest;
For the man in our heart lingered after,
When the merriment died from our ears,
And those who were loudest in laughter,
Are silent in tears!
—*London Punch.*

Consul Kimball in Russia.

We reprint the following letter from Hon. C. P. Kimball printed in the *Chicago Herald*, in which he describes his rambles through the ancient city of St. Petersburg. This letter was written at Stuttgart, in September.

We returned last Thursday from the very best trip we have ever made. We have long wished to go to St. Petersburg and Moscow, but it is seventeen hours' ride to Berlin, thirty-six hours from there to St. Petersburg, and sixteen more to Moscow, so we were not sure we would ever go unless some one came along to start us. But in August, after the Britons left us, time hung rather heavily about us, and we were almost alone here, the Americans being still in the country, and we got a little restless in the hot weather. About the 25th of August we received a letter from Laura Kimball, saying that she, Alice and the boys were in Berlin, and would remain there until September 3, then start on their way home. There was to be a grand review of the German Army by the Emperor and others of nobility on September 2, so we decided we would go to Berlin, see our relatives (whom I had not seen since I left them in Rome in February), see also the review, and then go to Russia.

August 28, we went to Berlin, found our friends all well and glad to see us. The United States Minister furnished me tickets that would take all we could get into a landau into the parade grounds, and we all intended to bundle in; but the night before, the commissioner called on us, and invited Helen and myself to go with him. So I put Alice and Helen in the carriage with him, and I took Laura and the boys and Miss Howells, who is with them, in the other carriage. The sight was grand. It was fortunate that I got the tickets, for they could neither be bought nor begged. The next day our friends started for Dresden, Munich and Switzerland, and we went alone to Russia. I think they will always regret that they did not go with us, for one day in St. Petersburg and one day in Moscow is worth a year in all other parts of Europe. From Berlin we went the whole length of Prussia—seven hours—to its old capital, Konigsburg, then about 100 miles farther to the Russian frontier. The country is flat nearly all the way, with very poor, sandy soil that would not be considered worth a dollar in America, but these thrifty, hardworking Germans make the sand smile with bountiful crops. There is little to interest travelers between the two great capitals, Berlin and St. Petersburg.

We arrived at the frontier about midnight, and with all our traps were turned out of the car to have our baggage examined, our passport looked over, and be transferred to the Russian cars. The monarchy landed us were met by a Russian officer, who was dressed in Oriental style, and who stopped us and said, "passports!" Mine was all ready (as all travelers' must be.) They examined it and no doubt discovered the American eagle, that denoted I was an office of some kind, and so were very polite, did not examine our trunk at all, or touch the valise; but I need not say that we felt, and everything indicated, that we were in a strange land. Not one word did or could we utter, except by signs and nods.

The cars on the road are excellent—at each end of the line. We slept well until morning, when we found we were still in a foreign country, and would not see what we wanted for breakfast nor what to pay for it; in consequence, we were robbed more or less the first day.

The country is not unlike some parts of eastern, but it is poorly farmed; great fields badly cultivated; great herds of cattle and horses, and poor looking houses and people all very uninteresting. Their language is terrible, and no one can tell even a sign at the depots and in the streets without fully realizing that this is a strange country. They use all our alphabet and add ten letters more to it. And such letters! They are mostly upside down. None of our letters have with them the same name and sound we give them. I send you some cards from the hotel in Moscow, also a bill of our lunches, so you can see how easy they are to read. To say that we felt we were a good ways from home and among strange and peculiar people would be drawing it mild.

We reached St. Petersburg the second night about 9 o'clock in the evening. The hotels are good, but the first night we were not quite happy, we were so entirely helpless. Children could not have been more so. With some trouble, we made our wants known at the breakfast table, and then started at once for the American consul to find that he had just left for New York. We then mangled to find the American minister. We learned from him that Judge Pirtle, our minister to Belgium, was at the hotel. We soon found him there all alone, and we did not separate much until we left him in Berlin. We also found a guide who could speak English, and we were soon quite at home and very happy. We then started out in earnest to "do the town." We spent three long days in doing so, and now regret that we did not stay longer and see more. I assure you it is a grand city, wonderful in its conception, wonderful in growth, prosperity and grandeur.

Moscow was the capital of Russia up to 1703, then Peter the Great (and indeed he was great in every sense of the word) said he must have a capital that would be a window for Russia to look out upon European civilization, and at once built himself a log hut to live in while the work was progressing. He then commenced to build this grand city upon both banks of the river Neva, in a dense swamp where every building must rest on piles deeply driven into the mud. The task was a most stupendous one, and could only have been accomplished by a man with almost unlimited power and marvelous wealth and genius. To describe the city and what it contains would fill a volume. There are no guide books to consult, hence you must find out all the points of interest for yourself or not know them. I will tell you a little of what I saw that may interest you.

The city lies on both sides of the great river and is connected by several pontoon bridges. The river is kept in its channel by high stone walls on either side to prevent great overflows. There are many canals, also walled in, running through the city so that the river has many outlets. The streets are very wide, not straight as an arrow, and cross each other at right angles, much like Chicago. In fact the city is more like Chicago than any other American or European city, and has about the same number of people. The great government buildings, some of them covering whole squares,—and one over 700 feet long—give it a very grand appearance, although the stores are not equal to ours, and there is no particular residence portion in the city limits. People live largely over stores, but the buildings are generally fine, and the palaces wonderful.

The only peculiar thing we see is the shrine-worshipping. The Greek Church is dominant here, and stands in the same relation to Russia that the Roman Church did to Rome fifty years ago. Nearly all the people believe in it and make themselves martyrs to its doctrines. All worship Christ, the Mother and Child, and a host of saints. Every house and store and shop has its shrine, some a good many. They usually consist of the face of Christ and the Mother and Child painted in all sizes on wood—except the face; sometimes the face and hands are covered with silver and gold, often set with precious stones, and some cost fabulous amounts of money. They have a saint for nearly every day, and the name of the saint of the day is given to the new-born child, and that saint he follows and worships through life.

As we go rushing through the streets in one of the six thousand little Droskies, only wide enough for one person to sit in we see our driver with his eyes keenly fixed on some object, often two hundred feet away, and going through the most singular signs of crossing himself, according to the customs of the Greek Church. We, like all American visitors, purchased one of these shrines to take back with us to glorious old America, and, while we don't expect to worship at it, we expect to enjoy its possession very much.

We first visited Garrison Church, where rest in great marble caskets the last remains of Catherine and the Great Peter and all his descendants down to Alexander II (who was murdered by the Nihilists a few years since,) that of poor Paul (who was strangled by the nobles of Nicholas,) and many others. As we stood and looked upon the speechless dust, we could not help feeling that death was indeed the great leveler, that their dust was as powerless now as the humblest serf whom they had so long robbed of his honest rights. The scene was weird and saddly interesting. To stand so near the dust of the great Peter and his posterity was indeed an opportunity we would not willingly have missed.

All these caskets are decorated with offerings and medals, and some with fresh flowers. The great room is full of costly shrines, and the candles are kept constantly burning. All is beautiful beyond description, yet it has the air of a tomb.

We next visited Peter's first residence here. It is not what I would call a log house, but one well built of square timbers planed smooth, with beveled edges. There are thousands just like it built in Russia every year. A brick house has been built around it to preserve the old house, and there is a walk about eight feet wide between the two. You are shown the boot and chair, also the large wood carvings Peter made with his own hands while living here. In one corner of his sitting-room is a sacred picture under glass, set in precious stones, illuminated with candles, which is supposed to represent the spirit of the great Peter, and attracts crowds, who kiss the glass covering, cross themselves several times and we saw one well-dressed lady kneel down several times and touch her head to the floor. Peter was not quite a saint while he lived, but to say in Russia to-day that he is not one would be dangerous indeed. He is greatly worshiped by the people.

We next visited his garden and small park, where he lived with his beloved Catherine. The house is about fifty feet square and two stories high, with the front door on the back side. It has four rooms on the first floor with hall, staircase and huge kitchen, so very plain and unpretentions, and looks like a comfortable mountain or seaside summer home. This finished our first day of sight-seeing, and I was just a little tired that night.

We made a good start for the first day, as it finished all on that side of the river, but there were still great things in store for us. The palaces in St. Petersburg and Moscow surpass anything modern those of England, France or Germany; and St. Isaac's Cathedral is only equaled by the Temple to the Saviour in Moscow, only one superior, St. Peter's in Rome. Peter built a church on this spot, in 1710, that was destroyed by fire, and this was built to replace it, and is said to have cost twenty million dollars.

It is a Greek cross in form, like all Russian churches. Our guide told us its size, but I forget to say I did not make a minute of it, and do not remember it was enough to state the dimensions. But I do remember that it is three hundred and thirty-six feet high. Its great gold-covered dome is supported by thirty red granite pillars of exquisite style and polish. The great cupola is of copper, covered with burnished gold that is as bright as the finest piece of jewelry, and shines like a brilliant star night and day. It is claimed that it required half a ton of gold to cover it. The four smaller cupolas are the same except in size. Inside the church there are three malachite columns that are thirty feet high, and I think at least three feet in diameter. They are so massive, so grand and beautiful, that I will not attempt to describe them.

Only think of the cost of such work! The whole inside is filled with rare paintings, wonderful statuary, rich carvings, jeweled saints, gilded altars, all combining to make an impression on the mind not easily effaced. Our next visit was to the church of Our Lady of Kazan. This is a beautiful church, built to enshrine the name of this noble lady, to perpetuate her memory, and to place her above all other saints in Russia. But I was too tired to go over it and examine its charms sufficiently to write about it. My wife, who can stand more long walks than I can, did go in, while I got in the carriage and gave bits of Russian money to the swarms of beggars that hovered around me. She reported it as charming in all respects, and I voted unanimously to accept her report rather than see for myself, and must ask you to go to do the same, I will simply say that it is no "cheap affair," as the gates, balustrade and altar are of solid silver, and the altar is supported by four fluted, jasper columns, while the whole yard is filled with ragged pilgrims, who come to confess their sins, and beg for mercy as well as for food and money.

We planned to visit the monastery, the palaces and other places of interest next day, but as they were not open until about 11 o'clock we took our guide (the famous Pilley, who is an Englishman by birth, but has lived here twenty years) with us on an early visit to the stores, factories and places of business, and spent a few hours in that way. We enjoyed it very much, made a few purchases as reminders of the city, and enjoyed seeing the results of Russian skill and genius for it is nearly all Russian, their tariff being virtually prohibitory. Indeed the goods are beautiful. It would have done you good to hear Pilley decant upon them. He knows everything ever given to man to know, although, as Josh Billings would say, it is quite possible "he knows some things taint so." But his services were valuable in the extreme.

From the stores we went to the palaces. The great Winter Palace is closed, and has been for some time; ever since the attempt of the anarchists to blow it up they have been all the time repairing it, and no one is permitted to enter. This old palace is a wonderful building, so large, so many rooms in it, that those living in it scarcely know them all. It is said that during Nicholas' reign there were often 6,000 people living in it at one time, but those times are past. We were, however, permitted to see the most wonderful palace there is in Russia, now called "The Hermitage." It is adjoining the royal Winter Palace. It was commenced and partially completed by Catherine II, for a retreat, a place of rest, and finished by Nicholas, and turned into an art gallery, which is a much wiser plan than to keep it for the occupation of royalty. This building is immense, but does not show on the outside much of its real grandeur. In fact, none of the St. Petersburg buildings do. They are all too low, and have a squatty look. This palace, Pilley says, cost $80,000,000 and I have no doubt but that it did. That amount of money ought to make a good art gallery or palace either.

There are four colossal figures, representing different nationalities of Russia's extensive domain. They are thirty feet high, and in fine, manly proportion. They stand, with bowed heads, holding up the great portico in front of the palace, and all cut from porphyry, said to be worth $75 per pound.

To hear Pilley tell it, to hear him say "porphyry," as he often does, is worth at least a Russian ruble. "Look, lady, look, porphyry, malachite lapis lazuli!" were his oft repeated words on that long tramp. The grand staircase to reach the second floor is said to have no equal in size or beauty. The floors all over that vast structure are either inlaid with rare stones, or the most costly woods, in the most elaborate manner, such as I have never seen before. The large pillars are numerous and perfect in form; the most costly of them made from the malachite and lapis lazuli, and others of pure lamb light gold veined with gray, and pure white from the mineral regions of Russia and Siberia. I have no doubt it is the most costly building, of its size, on earth. The walls of this grand edifice are profusely hung with works of rare beauty, from all the great masters, both old and young. Some of the pictures cost Nicholas from $30,000 to $40,000 each. To say they are lovely, charming, is but poor justice. In fact, I do not think I am capable of appreciating such works of art, but I did my best. I looked them over carefully, and shall not soon forget them. The floors were well covered with fine statuary from great artists, charming and exquisite vases in the most costly materials, from the exhaustless mines of Siberia. Pilley would often stop, strike an attitude, and exclaim: "Look, lady, look!" And indeed it was always worth a look.

There was a museum of coins and jewels, showing the skill of every age and nation of the vast country. It would require a week's time to examine them. The Russians excel in work in gold and silver; I think they are ahead of all other nations in that regard. I cannot describe the work, I won't attempt it. One room is given up entirely to Peter the Great and his works. Here he stands (in wax) wearing the clothes and hat made for him more than 150 years ago. He stands 6 feet 6 inches high, and is finely proportioned.

Here are his favorite dogs and horse stuffed to represent life. Here are his lathes, his many curious tools, his carved oak bedstead and chairs, cut and chiseled disks in brass, and a thousand other things made in wood, brass and iron, and coins of various shapes, all made with his own hands; enough one would think, to require a life-time to make. His war boats, swords and many other things too numerous to mention, were all here. It was all intensely interesting, and had a tendency to carry us back nearly two centuries to the time when this most remarkable man began to build here on the river Neva, in the uninhabited swamp, this grand city, this great monument that will perpetuate his masterly mind and wonderful genius for all time to come. By that masterly stroke he lifted his beloved Russia as securely from the mud she was then floundering in as he did his city, and made her foundation quite as secure. She has looked out from this window (as he called it) upon the rest of Europe, and stands stronger and firmer to-day than she did when the great Peter bade her a final farewell.

When we had finished the Hermitage, after several hours of constant tramp, over its many acres of floor, Pilley told us that it was begun more than a century ago. "All right," I said, "I now feel that I am more than a century old, and I shall follow you no further at present."

We next visited the large rooms where the state carriages from Peter down to the present time are all kept. The room is perhaps 100 feet long and 50 feet wide, and is full. The carriage that interested us most was the one in Alexander's in which he was murdered. The panels, wheels and all the back part are completely shattered. The bomb, I suppose, was precisely the same as those used by the anarchists in Chicago, but he was sitting on a soft cushion, and also had a cushion at his back, and was not much hurt by the first bomb. It is supposed if he had driven on he might have escaped, but he jumped out, and a wretch threw another bomb at his feet which killed the Emperor and the man who threw it. That miserable act cost many innocent lives, and moved back the hands on the dial plate of progress and liberty half a century at least. Here we find the state carriages of Peter the great, and every one used by the different czars since. To describe them is quite an impossibility; you must see them some time. I would not count a job to make them, even if well paid for it. The state carriages of England, France, Germany, Austria and Italy; they are all common compared with these. Most of these are entirely covered with pure gold. All the ironwork is heavily plated with gold; most of the panels are also gold plated. Then some of them have paintings on them by the most celebrated artists. They are in all forms, and show quite plainly the progress that has been made in the style of heavy carriages from the past one hundred and fifty years. They are all very large and heavy; I should think the couches would weigh at least five thousand pounds. I measured some of the wheels and found the hubs twelve inches in diameter, spokes three inches wide, rims four inches square, and most of the hubs, spokes and rims are elaborately carved, and many of them set with brilliants. In fact the wheels and gears are covered with gold. Most of them are lined with gold and silver threaded cloth, and one with a cloth all made with silver threads. Only a few of them have a driver's seat, only a low seat in front for a lackey, as all the twenty, thirty or four-ty horses have riders when these carriages are in use. They were all put in repair, some repainted and relined when the present Czar returned from Moscow, where he went to be crowned a few years since.

The harness, enough for fifty horses, were equal to the carriages and covered with gold and brilliants. All this must have cost fabulous sums. I need not say I enjoyed seeing them. How many times I wished you and brother James were with me as I wished for Story while in the Hermitage. The street where the Czar was killed has been closed to the public, and on the spot where the Czar was killed an Oriental temple has been built in which is a beautiful shrine, where people go hourly to cross themselves, bow to the shrine and look at the blood spots on the curb stones and pray; they actually worship the dead Emperor. This little temple has been moved a short distance from the sacred spot, and the blood stained stones also moved, and the erection of a new and beautiful temple commenced. There seemed to be unusual solemnity here. The buildings, streets and general customs here are not so much unlike Paris and London as one would suppose, although you see many men in the streets with long, flowing hair, long coats, bell-crowned hats and caps; but the majority dress as we do.

Drunkenness in Russia is fearful. I saw more drunken men in a week in Russia than I have seen before in two years. Their drink, I am told, is fearfully strong, and a very little makes them drunk.

When I began to write this I intended to include our farther trip to Moscow, but this is already too long, and I will leave what I have to say of that ancient city for another time. Moscow is much more interesting than St. Petersburg, so I hope to make a readable letter on that subject. All well.

C. P. KIMBALL.

The proprietor of the Great Western Poultry Yard, Mr. James F. Goodicr, St Louis, Mo., is enthusiastic in his praise of Red Star Cough Cure, which cured him after all other remedies failed. He says it neither constipates the bowels, nor causes sick-he adache.

The Publishers of the THE AMERICAN ANGLER, 252 Broadway, New York, announce that on and after Jan. 1st, 1887, their journal will be issued weekly, in Magazine form, and that the pages will be increased in size and weight. Each weekly number of the ANGLER will contain, in addition to other illustrations, an engraving of a representative American Fish, a portrait of which has not hitherto been published. These photo-likenesses will be accompanied by an angling and scientific biography of each fish. Mr. Wm. C. Harris, the editor, will commence a series of Talks to Young Anglers, which will be not only of practical interest to the beginner, but to the old angler, of whom it may be said that nature reverses her laws, for the veteran seems to get younger as the years grow apace. Mr. Seth Green, the prominent fish culturist, will continue his practical essays on breeding fish, their habits, habitat and curious phases of life. The subscription to THE AMERICAN ANGLER, which is the only journal in America, devoted solely to angling and fish culture, remains the same as last year—$3.00.

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All new and first-class goods, just from the manufacturers.

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Holiday Goods!

Call and and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. No trouble to show goods.

Special attention paid to the
Repairing of Fine Watches & Jewelry.
All work entrusted to me will be done in a workmanlike manner.

J. PIERCE, - - Bethel, Me.
December 10, 1886. 50-52

Sheriff's Sale of Equity of Redemption.

OXFORD, ss.—Taken on execution, wherein James D. Meserve of Fryeburg in said county is creditor and Charles W. McKenney of Hollis in our county of York is debtor and will be sold at Public Auction, to the highest bidder, at the office of D. R. Hastings in said Fryeburg, on Saturday the 22nd day of January A. D. 1887 at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, all the right in equity which the said McKenney had on the fifth day of January 1886, when the same was attached on the original writ to redeem the following described mortgaged real estate, situated in Denmark in said Oxford County, to wit: Lot numbered 48 on a plan or survey of said Denmark, made by one Isaiah Ingalls in March 1869. Also another tract in said Denmark, containing about 1,000 acres, and known as the Boston Hills lot, bounded by the B. Brackett mill lot, the Parsonage lot, Crooked Brook lot, Mansfield lot and others. Said real estate is all under mortgage to the Limerick Savings Bank for $4,000 and also under attachment in suit of John and William Locke against said McKenney to the sum of $235.00 F. W. SPRING, Deputy Sheriff.
Dec. 3d 1886. 50-53

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CHRISTMAS IS COMING!
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Sunday-School Lesson.

For December 19th.

The Great Invitation.—Rev. xxii, 8—21. Notes. "I, John, am he."—His full consciousness after his ecstatic state has now returned to him. The vision is still spiritually before his eyes. At the end of the end of the book he gives personal testimony of its truth, for had he not seen and heard?——"Do it not."—There was a similar attempt to worship an angel in chapter xix, 10. Then it was forbidden as here. He was not allowed to identify an angel, or especially as here, a symbolic angelic form, with the Lord. To him alone worship is due.——"Seal not."—The prophet in Dan. viii, 26, was commanded to seal up his prophecies, for they related to far distant times; but John is instructed not to do so, for these have to do with the present as well as all time. These were designed as a comfort to the persecuted churches in his day as well as assurances to all of the final triumph of Christ's kingdom. Compare the 11th verse with Matt. xxiii, 32, and also with Ezek. iii, 27. The two pairs stand as representatives of all evil and all good. Dean Alford brings the meaning of this verse out tersely: "change your ways there is time."——"I come quickly."—Words from Christ's own mouth. This does not refer to his second coming, because quickly has already passed away. It is nearly two thousand years since they were spoken. It may refer to the approach of his gospel dispensation, or to his personal coming in the heart of each devout believer.——"The gates."—Twelve of them. Admission easy.——"Without are dogs."—Refers to those in the East who practice the most vile habits.——"Sorcerers."—Who pretend to the possession of occult arts through the evil one, to deceive the people. Notice, too, those unjustly put upon this class, who love not the truth. See chapter xxi, 8, also John viii, 44.——"Mine angel."—The same recorded in chapter i, 1.——"The morning star."—Passage in chapter ii, 28, akin to this in meaning. There it is promised to him who overcometh; here Christ is the morning star of the day of eternity.——"Spirit and bride."—The Holy Spirit and the church (chapter xix, 7—9).——"I testify."—John, by Christ's authority.——"Heareth."—Supposes the book to be read aloud.——"Add unto them."—Refers only to this revelation, yet it is equally appropriate to the whole Bible.——"He which testifieth."—Christ is now the speaker. The last and most important testimony is not John's, but Christ's.——"Amen."—The seer's grand and simple responsive prayer.

Instruction.—When Peter came to Cornelius, the latter fell down to worship him, but Peter refuses his homage and raises the centurion with the words: "Stand up; I myself also am a man." The angel in this lesson refuses John's worship, saying: "Do it not. I am a fellow servant with thee." The lesson in both is the same. No true Christian man will permit anything that approaches to worship. No man deserves it. Sin has proved the Scylla of many a prominent or succe-sful man, specially in the ministerial profession. Nothing turns the heads of men vain or disgusts the manly ones so quickly as silly, weak sentimental gush and adoration which addle-pated men and women will expend on some young, handsome and clever minister, for instance. It is dwarfing to all who participate in it. Respect and love to whom it is due; but for the sake of the spiritual growth, worship to whom worship is due. To God alone should go out your supreme reverence. Him only shalt thou serve.

It is the revelation we have received of Jesus Christ which will be the final test of our characters. These are becoming fixed and settled in one mould or another every day we live. Is it the one Satan has made for us or Christ? The time is short. To-day we are masters of our fate. To-morrow it may pass from our hands, and forever. To-day the voice rings in our ears. "Turn ye, turn ye;" but of to-morrow, no man knoweth what it will bring forth. It is among the deepest the eleventh verse in all its spiritual meaning; but it does teach plainly that each one must build his destiny himself. It is not thrust upon him. He is the one person who is responsible, and can either be filthy or holy; for no one can do him. "Sow a character, reap a destiny."

Christ is the first and last. The first interest should always be: am I a good partner of Christ? The blessing of the next verse will surely come to him. The test of the sincerity of the partnership on one side is the doing of our Saviour's will.

In the heavenly city there are no mortal straddlers as there are here. There are only two states, within the city or without. The Gospel invitation is as broad as God's love and grace. But no free passes are issued, and no fare-dodgers are admitted within the gates of the New Jeralem. Each one must be willing to come, and he must show his desire by stretching out his hand and taking the water of life, then he may have it freely.

How appropriate the words with which that we need the whole of the book. No part of it can be safely neglected. Study rather more carefully what you don't like than what you do. That will be what your soul needs most, for its spiritual growth.

You can be cured if you buy the true "L. F." Atwood Bitters always having the large trade mark "L. F."

Uncle Cy's Sayin's.

De man dat am alus tellin' how many hans he hab licked am lus shore to be the fadriest off when dar am a fite.

Lyin' is lik feedin' a hors on sawdust, with meal atop, yer may do it once or may be two times but there am a time a comin' when he'll jest lick de meat off and 'spose de saw dust instead of bitin' clare frow.

Did yer eber call on a man dat was owin' yer and hab him out and when yer went round the house find him backin' inter the hen coop, and when yer axed him what he am doin' to hab him say he was lookin' to see if there was any nails on which de hen mit hurt herself.

Better look over Hill's ad. in this issue.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
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When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Buy your presents at Hill's, Norway and be Happy.

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Get your Meat where you can get the MOST FOR THE LEAST MONEY, CASH DOWN.

PLEASE EXAMINE THESE PRICES:

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SALT PORK, - - - 7 & 8 "
FRESH PORK ROAST, 8 & 10 "
" " STEAK, - - 14 "
LAMB, - - - - 7, 8 & 10 "
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TRIPE, - - - 8 "
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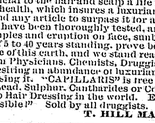

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